


SUNNY BOY AND HIS BIG DOG



JERRY

RAMY ALLISON WHITE



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To Jerry

From Aunt Effie

Xmas 1928



SUNNY BOY AND HIS BIG DOG

BY
RAMY ALLISON WHITE

Author of
"SUNNY BOY IN THE COUNTRY," "SUNNY BOY
AND HIS GAMES," "SUNNY BOY WITH
THE CIRCUS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN M. FOSTER



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SUNNY BOY AND HIS BIG DOG

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1847



SUNNY BOY AND HIS BIG DOG

CHAPTER I

PROFESSOR WORTH-BUTTER

STAND back a little, please, Ruth, you're right *in* the ring," said Sunny Boy.

"Well, I want to see," Ruth Baker protested.

"You can see me do the flip-flop if you stand back," declared Sunny Boy. "But if you stand there I can't do a thing."

Ruth Baker backed, but slowly. She hated to miss anything.

"Is this far enough?" she asked wistfully.

Sunny Boy looked discouraged. It wasn't far enough, but he didn't like to say so.

"I'll get some chalk and draw a ring," he decided. "That's the whole trouble—we haven't a

ring that shows and the audience won't keep still."

The boys grinned and several little girls looked indignant.

"Why, Sunny Boy, we sat still for perfect ages!" exclaimed Lottie Carr.

"And nothing happened, so we got up," Ruth Baker added.

She was younger than the other girls, but she lived next door to Sunny Boy, and she and her brother, Nelson, played with him most of the time.

"That's a good idea, Sunny Boy," said Nelson now. "We ought to have a great big ring. You go get the chalk and I'll draw the circle for you."

Sunny Boy dashed for the house and in a few minutes he was back with a flat piece of chalk in his hand.

"The sewing circle says not to fall off anything," he panted, for he had run all the way up the garden path and galloped up two flights of

stairs and down again without stopping to rest.

The circus was being held in Jimmie Butterworth's barn—that is, he had borrowed the barn from his father for that afternoon—and the mothers of most the performers and the audience, too, were attending a meeting of the sewing circle in Jimmie Butterworth's house. Jimmie's mother was president of the sewing circle.

"I never saw chalk like that," Nelson Baker declared, when Sunny Boy held it up for them all to see.

"I don't think it is chalk," said Jimmie.

"Yes it is—it's French chalk!" Sunny Boy informed them triumphantly. "Your mother took it out of her work-basket, Jimmie, and she said it is good chalk and if there is any left she'd like to have it back."

Nelson got down on his knees and every one else scrambled down, too. They were so eager to see what Nelson was going to do that they

looked over his shoulders and Perry Phelps almost climbed on his back.

“Say!” Nelson scolded, “can’t you let me have room to move my arms? How do you expect me to draw a circle if you all sit on my hands?”

“Well, we want to see Sunny Boy do the flip-flop,” said Jimmie. “Hurry up and draw your old circle and then we can go on with the circus.”

But Nelson had to ask Sunny Boy how large the circle should be and Sunny Boy had to show him where to draw the white line. Sunny Boy knew more about a circus than any of the other children, because he had been with a real circus and had even learned how to ride a pony and jump through a hoop.

“When you’ve done the flip-flop, Sunny Boy, will you jump through a hoop?” asked Lottie Carr eagerly.

Sunny Boy promised that he would. Nelson, going around the barn floor on his hands and

knees, was drawing a circle that took in most of the space.

"Where are we going to sit?" demanded Jessie Smiley.

"Oh, there's plenty of room," Nelson said carelessly. "You can sit in the wagon and pretend it's a box."

There was an old wagon in one corner of the barn, and though it was covered with dust and cobwebs, it was near enough to offer a fine view of the "ring." There were six small girls to climb into it and five of them said they were perfectly pleased, when once they were sitting down with their feet hanging over the tailboard.

But Ruth Baker wasn't entirely satisfied.

"I want to be in the circus," she announced.

"You can't—you're a girl," her brother told her.

"Sunny Boy, can't I be in the circus?" asked Ruth. "Weren't there any girls in the circus where you were?"

Sunny Boy thought hard.

"No-o, I don't remember any girls," he said. "Princess Flora was grown up. She darned socks."

Ruth had no wish to darn socks. She liked to do whatever the boys did, but she didn't want to do a great many things that girls were supposed to like to do.

"Well, if I can't be in the circus, I might as well be the audience," she sighed. "Go on and have some circus—we're ready."

"Give me the chalk that's left," said Jimmie Butterworth. "I'll save it for my mother."

"I promised to bring it back to her," Sunny Boy answered. "Will you take it in, Jimmie?"

"I'll give it to her when I go in for supper," said Jimmie. "That's just as good. Go on and do the flip-flop, Sunny Boy."

But Sunny Boy had promised to take Mrs. Butterworth's chalk back to her—if there was any left—and he dashed again to the house and kept the circus waiting while he delivered the piece as he had said he would do.

Then, rather breathless but eager to perform, Sunny Boy did his famous flip-flop.

He dragged a pile of old blankets to the center of the ring and slowly and carefully raised himself on his hands so that his weight rested on his wrists. He stood that way a moment—his feet began to wobble—and just as Ruth Baker was ready to call to him not to fall, Sunny Boy shut up like a little jackknife and did a perfect somersault, ending by landing on his own feet.

He made a low bow to the audience.

The girls clapped and the boys—who all belonged to “the show”—clapped, too.

“Do it again!” called Jessie Smiley.

Sunny Boy obligingly did two more flip-flops, and then Jimmie Butterworth was announced.

“Professor Worth-Butter, the greatest high jumping champion ever known,” said Sunny Boy gravely, “will give an exhibition of his—his—high jumps.”

Ruth Baker giggled.

"What made you turn his name around backwards?" she asked, with interest.

"You have to have a different name when you're in the circus," Sunny Boy explained. "You have to have a different name—everybody does."

Ruth Baker said she understood, and "Professor Worth-Butter" entered the ring, attended by his assistant, who was Perry Phelps.

Perry carried two barrel hoops and he told the audience that the professor would jump through these.

"I think he's pretty fat to go through those hoops," Lottie Carr remarked pleasantly.

"They ought to let Oliver Dunlap try it," said Dorothy Peters. "My mother says Oliver could crawl through a knothole."

Sunny Boy rapped on a tin can to attract attention.

"The audience will kindly not talk while an

act is being per-performed," he said. "You never can tell what will happen."

Jessie Smiley giggled and whispered to Dorothy that she could tell what wouldn't happen, but as Jimmie stood off, ready to make his jump, the girls quieted down and became too interested to whisper.

Perry held the first hoop and Oliver Dunlap held the second one. Jimmie stood far back and made a running leap. He surprised himself and he surprised his audience, and he certainly surprised Perry, by jumping completely over the hoop, instead of going through it.

"I think you held it too low, Perry," said Sunny Boy.

Oliver had jumped when he saw the professor coming, so his hoop hadn't been ready, even if Jimmie had been anywhere near it, which he wasn't.

"I have to go through both hoops," insisted Professor Worth-Butter. "Hold 'em up again."

“And don’t dodge, Oliver!” called out Nelson Baker.

Oliver took a firm grip on his barrel hoop. Perry made the mistake of turning his head to watch Sunny Boy, so he didn’t see Jimmie start the second time. The first thing he knew, Jimmie—pardon us, Professor Worth-Butter—had crashed into him with such force that he was sent spinning.

Oliver, the faithful, was determined not to dodge, whatever happened, so he stood his ground. Into him and his hoop stumbled the dizzy Perry and the still dizzier Professor Worth-Butter, and the three boys and the two hoops went down together.

“Nothing’s hurt but the hoops,” said Sunny Boy cheerfully, as the performers sorted themselves out and stood up, rubbing their elbows and shins.

Both hoops were broken, so that “act” was ended then and there.

“We’ll have the trapeze next,” said Sunny

Boy, but just then something seemed to be the matter with the audience.

“Ow!” shrieked Jessie Smiley. “Ow! Ow!”

“Snakes! Spiders! Ants!” Ruth Baker screamed.

“Bugs!” shouted Dorothy Peters, and she made a leap from the wagon that was far better than anything Professor Worth-Butter had done in the way of long distance jumping.

After Dorothy came the five other girls, each crying that something “alive” was in the wagon.

“Nothing but a spider!” reported Sunny Boy, when he had poked into the various corners with a stick. “A little black spider.”

“Well, I hate spiders!” Ruth Baker insisted.

“Why, spiders are all right,” her brother Nelson declared. “In school we study about spiders.”

But every one of those six girls said they didn’t care who studied about spiders, they

wouldn't go back in that wagon if they never saw another circus.

"Well, you can sit in the ring—that's nice and clean," said Sunny Boy, who really had a great deal of patience.

Jessie Smiley took a step toward the blankets.

"We're going up in the loft to do trapeze work," he added, "and we have to have the blankets for a mat, but the floor isn't very hard."

The girls didn't mind the bare floor, and they settled down contentedly, while the boys climbed the ladder to the loft. The trapeze was already in place—it looked like a leather swing. There were flying rings, too, and Sunny Boy announced that "Professor Ace-Wall"—who was Harold Wallace—would be pleased to show the audience how well he could perform on the rings.

"Don't applaud till he's through," warned Sunny Boy. "This is very dangerous work—Professor Ace-Wall is a brave man."

The audience giggled, but watched the professor intently.

They saw him pick up his flying rings and examine them carefully. He tested them to see if the straps were right. Then he stepped to the edge of the loft, made a low bow—and the next minute he had sneezed and stumbled forward.

The horrified audience saw him plunge toward them, then something caught his foot, and there Professor Ace-Wall hung, head down and swinging by one leg!

“Don’t applaud!” cried Jessie Smiley. “I guess it’s dangerous.”

CHAPTER II

MORE CIRCUS

PROFESSOR ACE-WELL began to go slowly around in a circle, and his dark hair hung down like a fringe. He jerked his leg frantically, but the more he jerked the tighter the strap seemed to hold him.

“Cut it!” cried Jimmie Butterworth. “Somebody cut the strap!”

“We haven’t any knife! Help me pull him up!” Sunny Boy answered, his face crimson, as he tried to lift the unfortunate professor by his leg.

But Harold Wallace was a good solid boy and he weighed more than three boys, all tugging together, could manage.

“Don’t you dare pull my leg off!” he shouted, as Perry Phelps gave a particularly hearty tug.

“He’ll smother!” shrieked Jessie Smiley. “Ow—look how red his face is. He’ll smother to death!”

Dorothy Peters opened her mouth and screamed, “He’s smothering now!” in a voice that certainly would have reached the ears of the sewing circle if they had not been at the front of the house, away from the windows that faced the barn. Then, too, all the ladies were talking busily together and there were three sewing machines running, so although Dorothy screamed very loudly, no one in the house heard her.

This was lucky, for Harold’s mother would have been frightened. He wasn’t really smothering, either. As Nelson Baker pointed out, no one smothers when he has plenty of air to breathe. But Harold was far from comfortable and his face was as red as fire, and if ever a boy needed to be rescued, he was that boy.

“Get the ladder!” cried Sunny Boy, point-

ing to the loft ladder. "Bring it over here, quick!"

The boys leaped for the ladder and moved it. Sunny Boy showed them where to put it, directly behind the whirling professor and with the ends resting on the edge of the loft floor.

"Catch hold of the ladder, Harold!" shouted Sunny Boy.

The professor was very dizzy by this time, but he heard. He reached out his hands and grasped the ladder and at once he stopped swinging around.

"Now, Perry, you and Jimmie hold the ladder steady," Sunny Boy directed. "Oliver, you bring the blankets over and put them down underneath Harold. I'm going to unfasten the strap and he may fall down."

Sunny Boy managed to scramble up the ladder past Harold, and as soon as he reached the loft floor he set to work to unbuckle the strap. The others watched him anxiously, and after he had worked busily for a few minutes, the buckle

gave way, the strap opened out, and Professor Ace-Wall slid gently down on the waiting blankets.

"Sunny Boy can do anything!" declared Ruth Baker proudly.

Well, perhaps he could—or almost anything. It may have been because he was so cheerful, and cheerful folk, you know, get a great deal done without much fuss. Certainly the reason Sunny Boy was called by such a smiling name—instead of his "real" name, which was Arthur Bradford Horton—was because he was a smiling boy. If you have read the first book about him, you'll remember that he was named for his grandpa, and this first book, "Sunny Boy in the Country," tells of the first visit he made to his namesake grandpa. And though Sunny Boy was very happy at Brookside Farm, he had a wonderful time when he went to the seashore and a really exciting time when, after that, he and his mother went to New York.

He was always having a good time, in fact.

He was busy, of course: Sunny Boy had to go to school and he had to play—and some of his games he invented all himself—but he didn't stay at home all the time. No, indeed! He went on a trip to the Far West with his mother and daddy and he went to Porto Rico, and, my goodness, he even went traveling with a circus!

You may have read what happened to him that time—we've told you in the book just before this one, which is called "Sunny Boy with the Circus." In that book you may have read of the clown who was cross and the Princess Flora who was good and kind, and about Jake, the elephant man. Sunny Boy hadn't intended to go away with the circus at all, and you may be sure his mother and daddy were glad when he came safely home to them. No matter what happened to him, Sunny Boy seemed to come up smiling.

"He's such an experienced boy," Ruth Baker said, when Harold Wallace sat up and rubbed his leg.

"Oh, that's nothing," declared Sunny Boy, who wished Ruth wouldn't praise him. "Come on, fellows, let's have some more circus."

You might think that after being hung head downward, Harold Wallace would rather play another game than this of circus. But no, he was as eager as any of the boys to go right ahead.

"You didn't do any trapeze," said Jessie Smiley. "Why don't you do some trapeze?"

The audience settled down again on the floor, the ladder was moved back to its old place, and the performers were ready to "do trapeze."

They had a rope swing, which was the nearest to a circus trapeze they could get, and Sunny Boy said he was sorry they couldn't have the rope reach from the ceiling of the barn.

"In the circus," he explained seriously, "the trapeze is fastened to the roof of the tent. But Harriet didn't have any more old clothesline and when I told her about the trapeze, she wanted to cut this in two. Harriet says the shorter the rope, the shorter the fall. But I won't fall."

Sunny Boy didn't. He swung up and down and he twisted in and out and he stood on one foot and then on the other foot, and he never tumbled down once.

"I don't think this is much of a circus," complained Dorothy Peters, when the trapeze work was finished. "You haven't had a single clown. I like the clowns better than anything else in a real circus."

Sunny Boy stared at her. He *had* forgotten the clowns!

"The one in the circus was so cross, I guess I don't think much about them any more," he apologized. "We'll have a clown, though—just you wait a minute, Dorothy."

"Hurry up, because we'll have to go in when the sewing circle has things to eat," said Dorothy.

Sunny Boy looked around him. Jimmie Butterworth would make a good clown, he thought.

"Of course we can't paint your face, because we haven't any paint," he said; "but you can

stuff your coat with hay and make yourself look fat. Then all you'll have to do will be to act funny."

"I don't know how to act funny," objected Jimmie.

"Oh, yes you do," Sunny Boy said a little impatiently, for it did seem to him that Jimmie could help a little. "You fall over things and play jokes on the audience—you know how, Jimmie."

"Why don't you both be clowns?" suggested Dorothy, who liked to have the best there was and all there was, no matter where she might be.

"You be a clown, Jimmie, and you be a clown, Sunny Boy," she said. "That will be fun."

The other children, remembering circuses where they had seen two clowns, urged Sunny Boy to be a clown also.

"All right, I will," he agreed. "Come on, Jimmie, we'll get some hay."

Sunny Boy was ready first. He left Jimmie

up in the loft, where they had gone to get hay with which to stuff their coats, and he came down the ladder head first, as though he were swimming. By a queer little twist of his body, just as he reached the floor, Sunny Boy got to his feet and made the audience a bow.

"You really know a lot about the circus, Sunny Boy," said Ruth Baker.

There was an empty barrel standing on the barn floor, and Sunny Boy got into this and began to jump about. Sometimes he could move the barrel and sometimes it refused to budge and suddenly Sunny Boy leaned against one side of it so heavily that it tilted over and crash he went upon the floor.

"Roll, Sunny Boy! Roll!" shouted Dorothy, clapping her hands.

Perry Phelps gave the barrel a playful push and it started across the floor. It rolled, with Sunny Boy still in it, directly under the wagon where the girls had been until the spider frightened them.

"Can you get out, Sunny Boy?" Jessie Smiley called.

Sunny Boy was almost out of sight, and the other children got down on their hands and knees to peer under the wagon.

"I'm—all—right!" they heard him say.

Then, behind Dorothy Peters, there was a thud. She screamed and jumped. Something else struck the floor with another thud. This time Jessie Smiley ducked and screamed.

"Eggs!" cried the girls. "Ow—stop it, Jimmie! Sunny Boy—Perry—Oliver make that horrid Jimmie Butterworth stop—ow—there goes another egg!"

"You're a bad, bad boy!" scolded Ruth.

Pat! Pat! A perfect shower of eggs seemed to be falling all around them. The girls ran to the other side of the barn and from there kept calling to Jimmie to stop throwing eggs. No one heard an automobile come in the drive and stop before the barn door, and the first thing the children knew, Mr. Horton and a man they

had never seen before stood in the doorway.

"Well, well," said Sunny Boy's daddy, in surprise. "What's this—a party? We heard noises that sounded like a party."

"We're having a circus, Daddy," Sunny Boy explained, crawling out of his barrel. "The girls are the audience and I'm a clown. So is Jimmie Butterworth."

"Only he's throwing eggs at us," said Dorothy Peters, who saw no reason for not telling of Jimmie's shortcomings.

"Well, listen, Mr. Horton," called Jimmie from the loft, "I'm only playing a joke. Don't clowns play jokes on the audience? They do, don't they? You can't please some people, and they're mostly girls."

Mr. Horton laughed and the man with him laughed, too.

"I can think of jokes that don't waste eggs, Jimmie," said Mr. Horton pleasantly. "But I haven't time to tell you about them now. I came looking for Sunny Boy. I have to go out to

the country and I thought perhaps he'd like to go along."

"Oh, but Mr. Horton, when the sewing circle stops we have things to eat!" Ruth Baker cried. "Cinnamon buns and banana layer cake—and everything."

"Well, if Sunny Boy would rather stay, there'll be other days for the country," said his daddy.

But Sunny Boy dearly loved to go in the car with his daddy.

"I'd rather go with you," he said firmly.

"Then let's ask Ruth to tell Mother that you've gone with me," suggested Mr. Horton. "Unless you want to run in and tell her, Sunny Boy?"

"There are a lot of people there," Sunny Boy confided. "They all talked at once when I took back the chalk."

"Just the reason I am afraid of sewing circles," said the strange man. "I think if Miss Ruth will take the message, that will be better all around."

"I'll tell Mrs. Horton," Ruth promised. "We could all go with you," she added cheerfully, "only of course Mrs. Butterworth expects us to stay for things to eat. She said so."

"Yes, I saw the banana cake," said Nelson Baker.

Sunny Boy didn't mind missing the banana cake at all. He hopped into the car and sat on the front seat between his daddy, who drove, and the strange man. The other children lined up in the doorway and watched them drive away, and the last Sunny Boy saw of Harold Wallace, he was standing on his head.

"I forgot to take the key out of my coat, didn't I?" said Sunny Boy, as he saw the strange man looking at him.

CHAPTER III

FINDING A HORSE

MR. MEADOWS," said Sunny Boy's daddy, "this is my son, Arthur—but he's usually called 'Sunny Boy'."

"Then I'll call him Sunny Boy, too," Mr. Meadows declared cheerfully. "I don't doubt that he is a merry lad, even if he isn't as fat as I thought he was when I first saw him."

Sunny Boy grinned. He was busy pulling out the wisps of hay he had stuffed under his coat.

"We were playing circus," he explained, "and Jimmie Butterworth and I were the clowns. I like fat clowns myself—but the one I knew in a circus wasn't very fat and he was as cross as he could be."

"Seems to me you ought to save that hay," said Mr. Meadows. "You could feed it to—to —well, whatever kind of animals like hay to eat."

Mr. Horton laughed at that.

"You're a man with a name like yours and you have to stop and think what kind of animals eat hay," he said. "It's easy to tell you're a city-bred man, Meadows."

"A horse will eat it," suggested Sunny Boy, carefully putting his hay down in the back of the car. "I'll save it. There may be a horse where we're going."

"They'll have all the hay they can eat on Mrs. Ponder's farm," Mr. Horton declared.

"Then let's feed it to the next horse we meet, Sunny Boy," said Mr. Meadows. "Your father can't discourage us."

"How many horses do you think we'll meet on this road?" Mr. Horton asked coolly.

"A dozen," said Sunny Boy promptly.

"I may not know much about the country,"

Mr. Meadows admitted; "but you can't tell me that horses are extinct."

Sunny Boy wondered what a horse was when it was "extinct."

"Did you ever see an extinct horse on this road, Daddy?" he asked curiously.

Mr. Horton looked as though he wanted to laugh, and Mr. Meadows, on the other side of Sunny Boy, coughed till he was purple in the face.

"When anything is spoken of as 'extinct,' Sunny Boy," said Mr. Horton, "we mean that there is no more of it. You remember the pictures of those great beasts Mother showed you the other afternoon—the ones that used to be on this earth centuries ago? Well, they have become extinct."

Sunny Boy could understand that.

"But horses aren't," he argued.

"Aren't extinct?" said his daddy. "No, of course not. But we are on one of the state roads and the automobile traffic is very heavy

and few horses are driven on such a crowded road. However, I dare say you and Mr. Meadows will find a horse that will be willing to eat your hay."

Though Sunny Boy watched one side of the road and Mr. Meadows watched the other, and they both looked ahead often, it was a long time before they saw a horse.

"An elephant eats hay," said Sunny Boy hopefully, when they stopped at a filling station to get gasoline. "I don't suppose any one knows where there is an elephant around here?"

The garage man lifted his face from the engine and smiled.

"Haven't seen an elephant since the last circus was in town," he said. "That must be six or seven months ago. You don't need an elephant when your daddy has a car, do you?"

"Oh, I don't want to ride on it," answered Sunny Boy hastily. "I have some hay and I wanted to feed it to the elephant."

But they had to go on without seeing an ele-

phant, and Sunny Boy was just about to say that he thought horses were "extinct" after all when he looked ahead and saw something that pleased him very much.

"A horse!" cried Sunny Boy. "Daddy! Mr. Meadows! Look! There's a horse!"

"He looks as if a good meal would scare him to death," Mr. Meadows said. "Do you think it is safe to feed hay to a beast like that?"

The horse Sunny Boy had seen coming slowly toward them was harnessed to a rag-cart. It was thin and bony and walked as though it was tired and discouraged. A short, fat man sat on the seat of the wagon, which was piled high with bundles of rags and old newspapers, and behind him, strung on a bit of line between two sticks, were three bells that jingled at every step the horse took.

The car had come up to the horse while Sunny Boy was staring, and the ragman was going to pass them without stopping. But Mr. Horton

held up his hand and brought his car to a stop, and the man reined in his horse.

Sunny Boy was never afraid to speak to people he did not know, and now he was so eager to feed the hay to a horse—any horse—that he spoke before his daddy could say a word.

“Would you mind,” said Sunny Boy to the ragman, “if I fed your horse some hay? I think he’d like it.”

“What’s the matter with it?” the ragman asked.

“Why, nothing—it’s good hay, out of a barn!” said Sunny Boy. “Jimmie Butterworth’s father has a barn and we used the hay in his loft to stuff our coats with—to make us fat, you know. And Mr. Meadows said I ought to save it and feed it to a horse.”

“Are you selling it?” the ragman asked next.

“No, we’re not trying to sell hay,” said Mr. Horton quietly. “My little boy will be happier if he sees a horse eat this hay he has with him—

that's all. There isn't much and your horse can finish it in a few minutes."

"Well, all right," the ragman agreed. "I think it sounds funny, but I don't care if my horse eats hay. Go on and feed it to him."

Sunny Boy reached over the back of the seat and gathered up the hay. Then he turned and looked at the horse doubtfully.

"He's pretty high up, isn't he?" he asked.

"Why, Sunny Boy! what would your Grandfather Horton say if he heard you?" said Sunny Boy's daddy. "You learned how to feed horses at Brookside Farm. Jump down, and you and I will show Mr. Meadows how a farmer feeds his stock."

The ragman pulled his horse and wagon almost into the ditch so that he would not hold up traffic, and then he sat lazily in his place and watched Sunny Boy and his daddy feed the hay to the horse.

The poor animal was so hungry he almost grabbed the hay and his eyes grew brighter

and he held his head up as soon as he had eaten the first wisp.

"He feels better already," called Mr. Meadows. "Here's a piece of sugar I had in my pocket—I usually take the children home a lump or two. Horses like sugar, don't they?"

He climbed out of the car and brought over the sugar for, although he didn't know much about animals because he had never lived in the country—and his grandfather didn't have a farm, he told Sunny Boy later—Mr. Meadows had the kindest heart in the world and he was sorry for the poor, thin horse.

The horse ate the sugar and licked his lips and Sunny Boy patted his long gray nose and so did Mr. Meadows and Daddy Horton.

"I hope you'll give him a good supper," said Sunny Boy to the ragman. "He was kind of hungry for some hay."

"He gets enough to eat—more than I do sometimes," the ragman declared, taking up the

reins and making the bells on his line jingle as the horse started.

Sunny Boy followed his daddy and Mr. Meadows into the car and they started, too.

"If the horse gets more to eat than the ragman does, why do you suppose the ragman is fat while the horse is so bony?" demanded Sunny Boy presently.

"To tell you the truth, Sunny Boy," said Mr. Horton, "I'm afraid the ragman got a little mixed; I think he gets more to eat than the horse does."

"Well, I thought that horse was almost an extinct horse," Sunny Boy declared earnestly, and Mr. Horton and Mr. Meadows laughed and said they agreed with him.

Sunny Boy was glad Mr. Meadows had reminded him to save the hay to feed a horse with, and all the rest of the trip he thought about the thin horse and wondered how long a meal of hay would keep him from being hungry. He was so busy thinking that he hardly noticed

when his daddy turned off the state road and into a country road that was not concrete.

"We've done about forty-five miles," he heard his daddy say. "I thought the Ponder place was nearer Centronia than that."

"I've always called it a round fifty," Mr. Meadows answered. "I'm glad I could get her a buyer for the farm—these places on the dirt roads are not so easy to sell."

In a few moments they had crossed a white-washed bridge. Sunny Boy couldn't see any water, though he looked, but his daddy told him that sometimes the little brook rose in such a flood that it even carried the bridge away. Then they went up one long, steep hill and down another and turned into a green lane.

Sunny Boy saw a tin mail box with "D. L. Ponder" painted on it in black letters, so he knew this must be the Ponder farm.

"I hear a dog!" he cried joyfully, as they came in sight of a shabby gray farmhouse. "Daddy, I hear a dog barking!"

But when the car stopped and an old lady with white hair came to the door of the house, the dog stopped barking. Sunny Boy looked around, but he could not see him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Ponder?" said Mr. Horton. "Mr. Meadows and I drove out, as you see. I had your letter yesterday. This is my small son."

Mrs. Ponder smiled at Sunny Boy. She reminded him of his Grandma Horton.

"I promised the man who bought your farm to take some measurements in the barn for him, Mrs. Ponder," said Mr. Meadows. "I'll go out there with my ruler now, if you don't mind. He wants to turn the building into a garage, I understand."

Mr. Meadows went off to the barn and Mrs. Ponder and Mr. Horton sat down in two chairs on the front porch. Sunny Boy sat on the top step and listened quietly while they talked.

"I wrote to you because I have the money for that bill at last, Mr. Horton," said Mrs.

Ponder. "I'm sorry it's been owing to you so long—but I never seemed to have any cash."

She held out a little roll of bills to Mr. Horton.

"I hate to take it—I really do." Sunny Boy heard his daddy say. "I'm quite willing to let it run as long as you wish, Mrs. Ponder."

"No other lawyer would think of letting a bill go for four or five years," replied the old lady. "I want you to take the money, Mr. Horton. You know I'm going to live with my married daughter in New Wayne, and I want to leave everything all right behind me. I'll never forget your kindness to my husband when he was living and I couldn't be happy if I went away and still owed you this money."

Mr. Horton took the roll of bills and wrote a receipt with his fountain pen, using the porch railing as a table on which to rest the pad of paper he always carried in his pocket. While he was writing, Sunny Boy thought he heard the door creak, and he twisted around.

He looked straight into two of the softest brown eyes he had ever seen—a long nose, black-tipped, seemed to sniff at him inquiringly.

“Oh,” said Sunny Boy in a whisper, “are you the dog I heard barking?”

The nose pushed the door back, until it was open enough to allow a long body and four strong feet to wriggle through. Then, very slowly and gravely, a large white-haired dog, marked with brownish patches and spots, walked over to Sunny Boy and thrust his nose into the little boy’s face.

“Why, Toby Ponder, where are your manners?” reproved Mrs. Ponder gently.

Sunny Boy threw his arms around the dog’s neck and hugged him tightly.

“Oh, Daddy, can’t I have a dog like this?” he begged.

CHAPTER IV

ALL ABOUT TOBY

APPARENTLY "Toby Ponder" liked Sunny Boy at first sight, too. He sat down on the porch floor close beside him, and thumped a plummy tail up and down to show that he was happy.

"He's a fine dog, Mrs. Ponder," said Mr. Horton. "I suppose he belongs to you?"

"He was my son's dog until he went into the army, and then he gave him to me," Mrs. Ponder explained. "John always told me he was a well-bred dog—a Llewelyn setter, I think he said."

"A dog like that is company and protection on a farm," said Sunny Boy's daddy. "No wonder you weren't afraid to stay alone at night



He sat down on the porch floor close beside him, and thumped a plummy tail up and down

with—with—what did you say the dog's name was?"

Mrs. Ponder laughed and leaned over to pat the dog's long nose.

"My son, John, always called him Toby," she answered. "He wanted a name he and his two chums could spell. All three of those boys went into the army together. Toby has had a wonderful life here on the farm, but I declare I don't know what to do with him in New Wayne."

"Won't he like it there?" asked Sunny Boy.

"It isn't that," Mrs. Ponder replied. "New Wayne is a city and my daughter lives on the fourth floor of an apartment house. There won't be even a yard for Toby to play in. And he's used to having plenty of space."

Mr. Meadows came back from the barn just then, and as he came up the steps, he saw the dog for the first time.

"Hello!" he said, in surprise. "What have we here?"

He put out his hand to pat Toby and the dog gravely thrust out his right front paw.

"He wants to shake hands!" Sunny Boy shouted in delight. "Look, Daddy! Toby can shake hands!"

"Oh, he can do plenty of tricks," declared Mrs. Ponder proudly. "My son taught him any number of tricks. Would you like to see him do tricks, Sunny Boy?"

Mrs. Ponder knew Sunny Boy's name, because she had heard his daddy say it.

"Of course we'd like to see tricks," Mr. Meadows answered, for Sunny Boy was so excited he could hardly speak.

Mr. Meadows sat down on the top step beside Sunny Boy, and Mrs. Ponder called to Toby to follow her down the steps. She led him to a square patch of lawn at one side of the porch and snapped her fingers.

"Up!" she said.

The big dog slowly raised his body until he was sitting on his haunches.

"Speak!" said Mrs. Ponder.

Toby tilted his nose toward the sky.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" he barked.

"Isn't he a bright dog!" cried Sunny Boy in admiration.

"If I had a piece of sugar, I could show you what he'll do with it," said Mrs. Ponder.

Of course Mr. Meadows had a lump of sugar in his pocket—he had not given the last one to the ragman's horse—and he handed the sugar to Sunny Boy who ran down the steps and gave it to Mrs. Ponder.

She put it on Toby's nose and he held perfectly still while she was making it balance.

"Now!" she said sharply.

Toby tossed the sugar up in the air and when it came down it fell squarely into his mouth.

He swallowed it in one gulp and winked his eyes as if to say:

"Oh, my, wasn't that good!"

Then he did other tricks. While Sunny Boy and his daddy and Mr. Meadows watched,

Toby "saluted like a soldier"; he stood on his head, by steadying his hind feet against the edge of the porch; he jumped through a hoop—Sunny Boy wished the children who had been at the circus in Jimmie Butterworth's barn could be here to see him—and he jumped over a broomstick Mr. Horton held almost as high as his own shoulder.

"John was always teaching him tricks," said Mrs. Ponder, when she was back in her chair on the porch and Toby was lying down by Sunny Boy.

Mr. Horton looked at Sunny Boy thoughtfully.

"We've sometimes talked—Mrs. Horton and I—of getting a dog for Sunny Boy," he said.

"Oh, Daddy!" Sunny Boy almost fell off the steps. "Oh, Daddy, couldn't I have Toby? Please, Daddy?"

Well, a half hour later Toby was Sunny Boy's dog. Mr. Horton had bought him. And every one was pleased. Mrs. Ponder was

pleased because her son's dog would have a nice home with a large yard to play in and a boy to love him. Mr. Horton was pleased, because Sunny Boy was happy. Mr. Meadows was glad that Mrs. Ponder—who was an old friend of his family's—had a little more money. She didn't have a great deal of money, you see, and though she insisted on selling Toby for far less than he was worth—he was a thoroughbred dog and worth a good deal of money—Mr. Horton gladly paid what she asked.

And of course Sunny Boy was pleased. He was so happy he wanted to jump and shout. When they were ready to go he insisted on sitting on the back seat of the car with Toby beside him.

Mrs. Ponder came down to the car to see them off.

"I expect to move next week," she told them, "and the place will be vacant. Mr. Meadows tells me the new owners don't intend to live here."

"I hope you'll be happy in New Wayne," said Mr. Horton. "And if you come to Centronia, be sure you hunt us up and come to see Toby. We'll promise always to take the best of care of him."

Mrs. Ponder kissed Sunny Boy—that surprised him for he wasn't looking at her—and then she patted Toby.

"I'm more glad than I can tell you that Toby is going to have an active boy to play with him," she declared. "I'm too old to frolic around with a dog, and since John left, Toby has had a dull time of it. He'll be contented now."

Mr. Horton started the car and Sunny Boy waved to Mrs. Ponder as long as he could see her. Mr. Meadows kept one hand on Toby's collar—he said he was afraid the dog might jump out when he found he was leaving the farm—but as soon as they were out of sight of the house, he took away his hand.

"Toby won't run away," said Sunny Boy confidently. "He likes me."

Toby did seem to like his new master very much. He sat close to him and every now and then he rested his head on Sunny Boy's shoulder.

"Mother and Harriet will be surprised, won't they?" Sunny Boy suggested, when the car turned into the state road.

"The whole neighborhood will be surprised," said Mr. Horton. "I only hope Toby will not be pulled apart by interested friends."

The traffic on the state road was very heavy—there were even more cars than when they had been driving out to the Ponder farm, because they came to a road that cut across the main highway, they had to stop and there was always a line of cars in front of them and in a few minutes a line would form behind them.

"One more cross-road and the worst is over," said Mr. Horton, releasing his brakes after one of these halts and sending the car forward as though glad they could be in motion again.

Sunny Boy began to watch for the next

cross-road. He knew where it was—it was another state road, and after they had passed it, they would be half-way home. His daddy had told Mr. Meadows that when they had passed the road that afternoon.

But before they came in sight of the road, the cars ahead began to slow down. The man in the automobile just ahead of Mr. Horton put out his hand and called back.

“What did he say?” asked Mr. Horton.

“Somebody up at the head of the line seems to have stalled his engine,” Mr. Meadows reported, putting his head out of the car and looking down the road.

Mr. Horton stopped the car and was just turning to say something to Sunny Boy when something brown and white leaped over the side of the car.

“Toby!” screamed Sunny Boy. “Oh, Daddy, Toby’s running away!”

Sure enough, Toby was. He was running down the road over which they had just come,

and though the people in the automobiles he passed shouted at him, they only made him run faster.

"He'll get run over!" cried Sunny Boy pitcously. "Daddy, an automobile will run over Toby!"

"No, it won't, Sunny Boy," his daddy assured him. "Toby is a big dog and no automobile will run over him. We'll get him back for you."

"Toby is more likely to run over an automobile," declared Mr. Meadows. "A trick dog like that wouldn't think anything of jumping over a car that happened to stand in his way."

The picture of Toby jumping over an automobile made Sunny Boy laugh. His daddy turned the car out of line and backed and turned in the narrow space—for the road was crowded—until they were facing in the other direction.

"I don't know whether Toby is heading for his old home or not, but we'll try to catch up with him before he gets there," said Mr. Horton.

Sunny Boy stood up in the car and watched the road for a sight of his dog. But it was Mr. Meadows who spied him first.

"There he is, getting a drink in that ditch!" cried Mr. Meadows, almost as excited as Sunny Boy was.

Mr. Horton ran the car close to the ditch and Sunny Boy called:

"Toby! Toby!"

The dog raised his dripping mouth from the water where he had been drinking and wagged his tail.

"Toby! Here, Toby!" called Sunny Boy. "Here, boy! Here!"

Toby scrambled up the bank and climbed into the car. He jumped up on the seat and would have licked Sunny Boy's face, only Sunny Boy told him he thought he should use his handkerchief first. As dogs don't have handkerchiefs, Mr. Horton reached under the seat and found a clean piece of cheesecloth, which he said he would lend him.

"We can't take any more chances on losing him, either," Mr. Horton announced. "I think the safest thing to do is to chain him to the robe rail."

There was a rail across the back seat, where the robes were hung when they were not being used, and Mr. Horton had a short chain in the tool box. He fastened one end of this to Toby's collar and the other to the robe rail and then they started again for home.

"I don't think Toby was running away. I think he was just thirsty," said Sunny Boy, patting his new friend kindly.

"Well, he may have been thirsty and homesick, too," Mr. Meadows replied. "I hope you'll be extra nice to him the first few days, because dogs can be homesick just as people are."

Sunny Boy said he meant to be very good to Toby, and when Mr. Meadows' house was reached—he lived in the north end of Centronia while Sunny Boy and his daddy lived in another section of the city—Toby shook hands with

Mr. Meadows and had a lump of sugar for a good-bye present.

"Don't tell Mother," said Sunny Boy excitedly, as the car turned into Glenn Avenue, which was the Hortons' street. "I'll stay out in the car and you tell her there's something for her, but to please come out and get it."

"Do you suppose the sewing circle is over and the banana cake all eaten up?" Mr. Horton asked doubtfully. "Perhaps Mother won't be at home."

"It's time for dinner," answered Sunny Boy. "Mother is always home when it is time to have dinner."

"That's so! Mother will be there to greet us, Sunny Boy."

And when the car stopped in front of the house, there was Mother standing at one of the windows.

"Tell her to come out and get something," urged Sunny Boy, holding Toby so he wouldn't

stand up and try to look out. "Won't you, please, Daddy?"

So Mr. Horton got out of the car and went into the house and the next minute Sunny Boy's mother came down the steps.

Sunny Boy was so excited he might have flown right over the car door to meet her if he had not had to stay inside to hold Toby down out of sight.

CHAPTER V

A NEW PLAYMATE

DADDY said you've brought home something from the country," Mrs. Horton said, walking up to the car. "What is it, Sunny Boy—a basket of potatoes?"

She put her head in the car—and there was Toby!

"Why, it's a dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Horton. "Did Daddy get you a dog, Sunny Boy? What kind of a dog is he?"

Sunny Boy had so much to tell, he didn't know where to begin.

"His name is Toby, Mother! He can do tricks!" he cried. "He's a sitting—no, he's a setter dog. He's a Llewelyn setter, Mother!"

"How do you do, Toby?" said Mrs. Horton

politely. "I'm very glad you have come to live at our house."

"Daddy bought him," Sunny Boy explained. "He bought him, Mother, because Mrs. Ponder is going to live in New Wayne and her daughter hasn't any yard. They live on the fourth floor and her son John is in the army and Toby used to be his dog."

Mrs. Horton laughed and patted Toby's head.

"You've had an exciting afternoon, haven't you, Sunny Boy?" she said. "Let's go in and introduce Toby to Harriet."

She opened the door of the car and Toby would have jumped out and perhaps choked himself if Sunny Boy had not remembered about the chain.

"I'll unfasten him," said Mr. Horton, coming out at that moment. "We had to tie Toby to the rail, Olive, because he ran away when we were half-way home. That's what made us late."

As soon as the chain was unfastened Toby jumped down to the sidewalk.

"Woof!" he cried. "Woof! Woof!"

"So that's the way he feels about Centronia!" laughed Mr. Horton. "We'll go in now and I'll take the car around to the garage after dinner."

Toby seemed to know he was to live in Sunny Boy's house now. He bounded up the steps and into the front hall, and before they could close the front door, the Hortons heard a startled cry from the dining room.

"My goodness gracious! where did you come from?" called out Harriet.

Harriet had lived with Mrs. Horton since Sunny Boy was a tiny baby and she thought there was no one like him. She was never too busy or too hurried to have him in her kitchen, and many a cake Sunny Boy had helped her bake.

"Harriet, Harriet!" called Sunny Boy, running into the dining room. "Did you see my

dog? We just got him this afternoon! His name is Toby."

"Well, I'm sure he's a nice dog," said Harriet. "But don't you think he's rather big?"

"Oh, he's a Llewelyn setter," Sunny Boy explained. "They're like that, Harriet. Want to see him do a trick?"

Harriet wanted to get dinner on the table, but if Sunny Boy had asked her to go to the moon first, she would have tried to please him.

"Can he do tricks?" she asked.

"He can do bushels of tricks," Sunny Boy assured her. "He'll shake hands with you—offer to shake hands with him, Harriet."

Harriet held out her hand. Toby, who was sitting on one corner of the rug, watching every one with his bright brown eyes, gravely put out one paw.

"How-de-do," said Harriet shaking the paw. "What would you say to a nice beef bone for your supper?"

“Woof!” said Toby.

“My goodness gracious, he *is* a bright dog!” Harriet declared. “I don’t know that I ever saw a dog do that before. Well, Sunny Boy, you’ve wanted a dog for a long, long time—I suppose you’re extra happy now.”

Harriet smiled at Sunny Boy and went out into the kitchen to take up the meat. She said “extra happy” because she knew that Sunny Boy was happy every day. Harriet said she wouldn’t want to live anywhere else, because she liked a house with a happy boy in it.

“Won’t Nelson Baker be surprised!” said Sunny Boy a few minutes later at the dinner table.

He was sitting in his usual place, and over in one corner of the room, on the edge of the rug, Toby was lying. His head was on his paws and his eyes were closed. But he wasn’t asleep. Every time Mrs. Horton or Mr. Horton or Sunny Boy spoke, Toby opened his eyes and seemed to listen.

Mrs. Horton at first had not been quite sure that Toby ought to stay in the dining room while they had dinner. She said some dogs didn't know how to behave and if he walked around the table and kept Sunny Boy from eating his dinner properly, or if he bothered Harriet when she brought in the food and changed the plates, Toby would have to stay in the yard.

But, dear me, Toby was as good as gold. When Mr. Horton told him to lie down, he walked to a corner and lay down and never moved, not even when Harriet went so close to him her apron brushed his nose.

"That shows Mrs. Ponder kept him in the house with her a good deal and trained him well," said Mrs. Horton. "I'm glad Toby is that kind of a dog—it means Sunny Boy will be able to take him with him wherever he goes. I like a companionable dog."

While they were eating dinner, Sunny Boy told his mother about the circus and asked her

if the other children had had banana cake after the sewing circle.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Horton. "In fact, they were so hungry, Mrs. Butterworth had to make more cocoa and sandwiches. I wondered what gave them such tremendous appetites; it must have been playing circus."

Though Sunny Boy was anxious to show Toby to the other boys that night, Mrs. Horton said she thought he had done enough for one day.

"You'll have all day to-morrow, precious," she said. "And even if you are not tired, you must think of Toby. He is in a strange place—and perhaps he feels a little homesick—and he has had an automobile ride and met a number of strange people. He wants to rest before he makes any more new friends."

Of course Sunny Boy could understand that Toby might be tired, so he stayed quietly with him in the living room after dinner and never even asked him to do tricks. When Sunny

Boy's bed time came, he rather wanted Toby to go to bed with him, but Mr. Horton said he meant to take him for a walk.

"I have to go over to the garage and I'll take Toby along—a little exercise will do him good," he said. "Then I think we'll let him sleep out on the back porch—at least until cold weather. If he barks and annoys the neighbors, we'll have to bring him in, but, somehow, I don't think Toby will do much barking unless there is really something to bark at."

It will not be hard for you to guess what Sunny Boy thought of first when he woke up the next morning.

"I wonder how Toby is?" he said, jumping out of bed.

He dressed so fast he might have forgotten to brush his hair if Mrs. Horton hadn't come in to see him and remind him, and when he got down to the kitchen there was Harriet making muffins and Toby sitting in a corner, watching her.

"I thought he looked lonely when I opened the door to bring in the milk," Harriet explained, "and I said, 'Good morning, Toby, did you rest well? Would you like to come into the kitchen?' and in he came."

Sunny Boy shook hands with Toby, who was glad to see him. Any one would have known Toby was glad to see Sunny Boy, by the way he wagged his tail and the way he pranced up and down.

"He wants to play," said Harriet. "Why don't you take him out in the yard until breakfast is ready? A dog like that has a lot of energy in him and he can't keep still all the time."

Sunny Boy thought Harriet was very good to Toby, and she was. She spoke to him as though he understood every word she said—and Sunny Boy was sure he did—and she was polite to him. Dogs like people to be polite to them, you know.

Sunny Boy and Toby tumbled down the back

steps together and raced for the grape arbor at the end of the yard.

"Hello, Sunny Boy!" called Nelson Baker. "Whose dog is that?"

"Mine," said Sunny Boy.

"Why, you haven't any dog!" Nelson protested.

Sunny Boy looked proudly at Toby, who came and stood beside him and seemed to be saying "ha-ha" at Nelson. Maybe he was enjoying the joke—to think that Nelson didn't know Sunny Boy had a dog!—or maybe he was a little short of breath.

"I have a dog now," said Sunny Boy. "Daddy bought him yesterday afternoon. His name is Toby. He's a sitting—setter. He's a Llewelyn setter."

"Does he bite?" Nelson asked, staring at Toby.

"Of course he doesn't bite!" said Sunny Boy indignantly. "He's the best dog you ever saw. He can do perfectly wonderful tricks."

"Honest, Sunny Boy?" Nelson said. "Real tricks? Can you make him do tricks?"

"Breakfast, Sunny Boy!" called Harriet.

"I'll show you after breakfast," Sunny Boy promised. "But you can shake hands with him; that won't take a minute. Shake hands with Nelson, Toby."

Nelson held out his hand and Toby lifted his paw politely.

"Why, that's great!" cried Nelson. "Ruth's eyes will pop out of her head. Come out as soon as you've had breakfast, won't you, Sunny Boy? Gee, I wish I had a dog."

"You can play with Toby," Sunny Boy told him. "He knows lots of tricks and you can play with him whenever I do."

Sunny Boy and Toby went in to breakfast and Nelson hurried off to tell his little sister Ruth about the wonderful dog. Before Sunny Boy had finished eating, Oliver Dunlap had come to ask Nelson to play ball and he heard about the dog, too. Oliver was as good as a

telephone, his own mother often said, and it didn't take him twenty minutes to find the boys he knew best and tell them that Sunny Boy Horton had a dog that could do tricks.

"My goodness gracious, Sunny Boy," said Harriet, happening to look out of the dining room window as she brought him his glass of milk, "you ought to see the children out in Nelson's yard."

Mr. Horton had already started for his office, but Sunny Boy and Mother went to the window to look.

"Oh, there's Oliver and Jimmie and Perry—and Dorothy and Ruth and Jessie!" cried Sunny Boy.

"I think they're all there—they must be waiting to see Toby," Mrs. Horton said. "Well, run along, dear, but don't let them tire Toby out."

Sunny Boy and Toby dashed out to the yard and instantly a chorus sounded.

"Oh-h, Sunny Boy! Is that your dog?"

What kind is he—does he bite?” cried three or four boys together.

“Sunny Boy! Is that your dog? Where did you get him? Nelson said he could do tricks!” the girls shouted.

“He doesn’t bite—his name is Toby—my daddy bought him yesterday,” called back Sunny Boy, trying to answer all the questions and forgetting some of them.

“Make him do a trick,” begged Ruth Baker.

“Up!” said Sunny Boy to Toby.

Toby slowly raised himself until he was sitting on his haunches and his front feet waved in the air.

“I told you he was a sitting dog!” cried Nelson Baker triumphantly.

“He doesn’t sit—he sets,” Jimmie Butterworth argued. “Isn’t he a setting dog, Sunny Boy?”

CHAPTER VI

SUNNY BOY THINKS

SUNNY BOY sat down on the grass beside Toby, who promptly brought down his waving feet and moved over to sit near his little master.

"Toby," said Sunny Boy instructively, "is a Llewelyn setter."

"I *knew* he was a setting dog," Jimmie remarked, with great satisfaction.

Jessie Smiley giggled.

"A setter isn't a setting dog," she argued. "A setter is—well, a setter is—a kind of dog!"

"Like a St. Bernard," added Sunny Boy, nodding his head.

"But he sets," said Oliver Dunlap.

Well, by the time they had argued five minutes longer, they were so puzzled that Harriet,

who heard their voices, made the mistake of thinking they were quarreling. She came out to see what the trouble could be and she was, so she said, much relieved to hear that they were not quarreling, but merely arguing.

When Harriet heard what the argument was about, she laughed a great deal, and she explained that a "setter" was a breed of hunting dogs and that the verb "to sit" had nothing to do with Toby's breeding.

"Though," she went on to explain, "at one time they always crouched down when they scented their game. Nowadays they're trained to stand."

Nelson had had verbs in school and he could understand. The other children were much more interested in the tricks Toby could do—they didn't care about verbs or hunting at all. Sunny Boy showed them how Toby could stand on his head, could salute like a soldier and jump through a hoop and over a broom-stick. Harriet gave Sunny Boy a lump of sugar and Toby

tossed that from his nose and caught it as it fell.

“He’s a smart dog,” said Nelson, when Toby had done all of his tricks twice. “I never saw a dog know as many tricks as he does. But my cousin had a dog that could do a trick Toby can’t do.”

Sunny Boy wanted to know what the trick was and Nelson and Ruth, both talking at the same time—which made it difficult to understand them—explained that their Cousin Simon had a dog that would play dead.

“Simon would say ‘dead dog, Prince,’” declared Nelson, “and the dog would roll right over as though he’d been shot.”

“Well, I’ll bet you Toby knows that trick, too,” Oliver Dunlap said. “How do you know Toby can’t do that?”

But Sunny Boy said no, he didn’t think Toby could.

“Mrs. Ponder made him do all his tricks, and I know he didn’t play dead,” said Sunny Boy.

"Well, tell him to do it now," Oliver insisted. "Maybe Toby knows a lot more tricks than you think he does."

Toby was listening, his eyes fixed on Sunny Boy's face.

"Toby," said Sunny Boy softly, and Toby jumped to his feet and began to wag his tail frantically.

"Dead dog, Toby!" Sunny Boy cried sharply.

Toby dropped to the ground, rolled over once, and lay perfectly still.

"My goodness, Sunny Boy, what happened to Toby?" called Harriet from the kitchen window.

In another minute she came hurrying down the steps, drying her hands on her apron.

"Is he sick?" she asked, coming up and staring at the dog who lay motionless on the ground.

Toby's eyes were closed and his tail never wagged a hair and he was so still that Sunny Boy began to feel frightened.

"Here, Toby!" he called. "Here, Toby!"

The brown eyes opened with a snap, Toby leaped to his feet and shook himself gaily. Then he wagged his tail and opened his mouth and said, "Ha-ha-ha!" very fast indeed.

"I thought he was sick," said Harriet, staring at the dog. "I was watching through the window, and all of a sudden, flop! down he tumbles."

"It's a trick, Harriet," Sunny Boy explained. "It's a new trick. Nelson's Cousin Simon had a dog that could do it and Oliver said that perhaps Toby could do it, too, and he could. Watch, Harriet!"

"Dead dog, Toby!" cried Sunny Boy.

Toby dropped to the ground and lay there stretched out like a statue.

"Well, good gracious!" said poor Harriet. "That is what I call a sudden trick. I hope you'll teach him something more cheerful than that, Sunny Boy."

"I will," Sunny Boy promised, and Harriet went back to her dishes.

Two or three mothers had to send for their children to come home to lunch that noon. Toby was so interesting that Oliver Dunlap and Dorothy Peters forgot to go home at twelve o'clock, and Jimmie Butterworth said he was going to see his aunt who lived on the next block and he would be back as soon as she excused him from the table.

Harriet said it was lucky Toby was a big dog, for so many children patting him would have worn a little dog to shreds.

"Take a poodle," said Harriet. "A poodle would have been ready for the ragbag after a morning like this, but Toby doesn't seem to be even sleepy."

However, Toby did take a nap on the back porch while Sunny Boy and his mother had their luncheon. They were eating the dessert when the doorbell rang, and in came Sunny Boy's Aunt Bessie.

Aunt Bessie was Mrs. Horton's sister and she was a music teacher. She and Sunny Boy

loved each other very much. He was the only nephew Aunt Bessie had, so you can see what an important nephew he was. Of course she had to make the acquaintance of Toby at once and hear all about him and where he came from and how he came to be Sunny Boy's dog.

"Why, we've talked so much about Toby, I'm forgetting what brought me," said Aunt Bessie, as she glanced at her wrist watch. "I have a lesson to give at two and it is half past one now. Olive, I came in to tell you that the fair is only two weeks off and if you have any fancy work ready, I'll stop and get it next week."

Sunny Boy knew that Aunt Bessie was interested in the charity fair—it was called a "bazaar" and it was held every year in the section of the city where Sunny Boy lived. His mother always did some sewing for Aunt Bessie's table. She embroidered pieces of linen and made pretty things which were sold.

"We really need more contributions," said

Aunt Bessie, as she put on her gloves. "There are so many things we have to buy and nothing but the actual cash will buy them."

"I'll ask Harry to-night—he promised to give us something," said Mrs. Horton, and then Aunt Bessie hurried off to give a music lesson and Sunny Boy went out into the yard to play with Toby.

He had visitors all the afternoon, and as the children became better acquainted with Toby, they ventured to stroke his smooth head and to pat him gently. He was such a large dog he "made friends slowly" as Mr. Horton said. But Sunny Boy had loved him at first sight and soon every child on Glenn Avenue thought Toby was the wisest and kindest dog that ever barked.

Ruth Nelson was found asleep one afternoon, her head on Toby, and the big setter seemed proud to be chosen as a pillow.

"I was counting the hairs on his ear," Ruth explained, when her mother woke her up. "I

wanted to see how many hairs a dog has on his ears, but I must have gone to sleep without knowing it.”

Sunny Boy had not told Aunt Bessie, but he had decided to give her the money that was in his bank for his fair. But he was much disappointed when he opened the bank to find there were only two cents in it.

“You wouldn’t think two cents could rattle so much,” complained Sunny Boy to Harriet. “Why, the noise that bank made when I rattled it sounded as though I had at least thirty-two cents in it!”

“Pennies make a great clatter,” Harriet said wisely. “A dollar bill wouldn’t rattle at all, but it would be more valuable ”

Of course two cents wouldn’t help the bazaar very much and Sunny Boy went out and sat on the steps to think.

“I wish I could earn some money,” he was thinking, when his daddy drove to the curb in the car.

“Does Sunny Boy Horton live here?” asked Mr. Horton.

Sunny Boy’s eyes began to dance.

“Oh, yes, he lives here,” he answered. “Shall I go and call him?”

“Well, I don’t think it’s important enough for that,” said Mr. Horton, “but if you should happen to see him anywhere around, you might tell him that I have a package for him.”

Sunny Boy almost climbed over the door of the car when he heard that. If there was one thing he did like, it was a package. And sometimes he couldn’t guess what could be inside the brown wrapping paper and string until he had untied it, but this time as soon as he saw what was in the back of the car he could guess at once—even though there was a great deal of paper wrapped around it.

The minute Sunny Boy saw the four red wheels—wheels are not easy to wrap up, you know—he shouted.

"It's a wagon, Daddy!" he cried. "It's a wagon, isn't it?"

Around the corner of the house bounded Toby and he jumped up on the running board and thrust his head in at the window, so he could see what Sunny Boy was doing.

"I'll lift it out for you, then I must be going on," said Mr. Horton. "I saw these wagons down town and I thought that Sunny Boy Horton who lives up on Glenn Avenue, might like to have one."

Sunny Boy could hug this kind daddy—even though Mr. Horton's arms were filled with the express wagon—and he did. As soon as the wagon and the boy and the dog were safely on the sidewalk, Mr. Horton drove away.

"Oh, Sunny Boy, who gave you the wagon?" cried Ruth Baker.

"Daddy," said Sunny Boy proudly. "Want to ride in it, Ruth?"

Ruth climbed in, but before they could start Nelson Baker came out of the house.

"Where did you get the wagon, Sunny Boy?" he asked.

"Daddy gave it to me," said Sunny Boy patiently.

"Go away," Ruth called, more frankly than politely. "Sunny Boy is going to give me a ride, Nelson."

"Say, Sunny Boy, I'll tell you what you can do," said Nelson. "Let's make a harness for Toby and use him for the horse. He's big enough to pull real people."

Toby wagged his tail when he heard his name and Sunny Boy looked pleased. But Ruth wanted her ride and she didn't wish to wait for it.

"Take me for a ride first, Sunny Boy," she urged. "Take me around the block. If you and Nelson get to making harness, you'll be too busy to give me a ride all afternoon."

Sunny Boy knew she was right, so he gave her a ride around the block. Toby trotted

ahead, while Nelson took turns pulling the wagon with Sunny Boy.

"Just once more?" begged Ruth when they were home again.

But Nelson wouldn't hear of another ride, so Ruth had to sit on the grass as contentedly as she could and watch Sunny Boy and her brother make a harness for Toby. The big dog was very patient and stood quietly while they cut and fitted and sewed the harness and tied and untied knots in it to make it right. Harriet had given Sunny Boy the rope and Ruth had been promised the first ride.

The harness wasn't completed till the next morning, and by that time all the boys and girls on the block had heard of it and were on hand to see Toby "be a horse," as Jessie Smiley put it.

Ruth drove him, sitting in state, and she didn't want to get out of the wagon after she had been around the block. But other little girls were anxious for a ride and Sunny Boy

was kept busy, trying to give each girl a ride in turn.

“I’ll give you a penny if you’ll give my cousin the next ride, Sunny Boy,” said Dorothy Peters.

But instead of a penny she gave Sunny Boy a new idea.

“I could earn some money for Aunt Bessie that way!” thought Sunny Boy.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN WHO WASN'T A PIRATE

THE more Sunny Boy thought about earning money for Aunt Bessie's bazaar by giving rides in his wagon for a penny, the better he liked the plan. He told Mother about it that noon when he went in to lunch, and she agreed with him that it was a very nice plan.

"You'll be kind to Toby, I know," said Mrs. Horton. "Even if he is a large dog, he gets tired and you'll have to let him rest between every ride or two. And he can't pull heavy children—Jimmie Butterworth weighs too much. But there are many younger children in the neighborhood, and they'll be delighted to get a ride."

"I gave everybody a ride around once this morning," Sunny Boy explained; "so if some

of them haven't a penny, they won't have to feel sorry."

He need not have worried about the children who didn't have a penny to spend, because there were more pennies to be spent than either Toby or the express wagon could be expected to stand.

The chubby Jimmie Butterworth was willing to pay five cents for a ride, and it took Sunny Boy fifteen minutes to make him understand that it was because he weighed more than the other boys that he was asked not to ride.

"It wouldn't cost a fat *man* any more than a penny to ride, Jimmie," said Sunny Boy very earnestly. "But Toby can't pull heavy loads and the wagon might break down, too, don't you see! Even if you did pay a nickel, you'd be just as hard for Toby to pull. But you can drive him, if you want to, when girls ride who have to hang on."

Some of the girls drove Toby as though he were a pony—Ruth Baker did. But some



Some of the girls drove Toby as though he were a pony

others—like Dorothy Peters' little cousin who was only two years old—wanted to hang on to the wagon with both hands, and then some one else had to drive Toby. Jimmie Butterworth liked to do that, and he had such a good time that he almost forgot he was too fat to ride in the wagon himself.

Sunny Boy proved to be a good little business man. He insisted that Toby must rest between each ride—a trip around the block counted as one ride—and no one, no matter how many pennies he or she had, could ride twice in succession. At the end of each ride, the passenger had to get out and let some one else drive.

“That’s so no one gets mad waiting,” Sunny Boy told Harriet, who didn’t understand this rule. “Ruth Baker had five cents and she wanted five rides, and if she had had them, one after the other, it would have been lunch time before any one else could have had a ride.”

The people who lived on Glenn Avenue and on the three other streets which made up the

block, were much interested in Toby and his wagon. They would come to their windows or stand on their steps and watch as he trotted past, and if they had little children, or children visiting them, they would stop Sunny Boy and ask him how much it cost to ride in the wagon.

The day before the fair was to open, Aunt Bessie came to see her sister again, and while they were wrapping up things Mrs. Horton had made for the tables, Sunny Boy came into the room and poured a little stream of pennies into Aunt Bessie's lap.

"That's for the bazaar," he said. "Toby and I earned it with the express wagon. We gave the children rides for a cent—and, Aunt Bessie, there is forty-eight cents in that pile! I earned forty-six cents, giving rides, and I had two cents in my bank."

"Sunny Boy Horton, how perfectly wonderful you are!" cried Aunt Bessie, giving him such a tremendous hug he thought he had lost his breath for a moment. "To think of that!

Forty-eight cents and you earned it all yourself!"

"Well, I had two cents," Sunny Boy reminded her. "But I earned the rest—that is, Toby and I did. And Daddy took our picture and he's going to send one of them to Grandpa Horton."

The bazaar lasted almost a week and Sunny Boy's mother was very busy, helping Aunt Bessie. Harriet was busy, too, baking little cakes, and Sunny Boy and Toby had to play most of the time without any one to talk to unless some of his playmates were about.

Two blocks from the house there was a vacant lot, and a short cut led through this to Jimmie Butterworth's barn. Although Centronia was a city, the boys and girls who lived in the section Sunny Boy did, had plenty of space in which to play. They all had large yards and there were lots where there were no houses and there were barns and garages which were fine places on rainy days. This was one reason Mrs. Ponder

had been so glad to have Sunny Boy's daddy buy Toby—she knew that he would have room to play in.

“Let's go down to the vacant lot,” suggested Nelson Baker one morning to Sunny Boy. “There's a man painting the weather-vane on Jimmie Butterworth's barn and we can watch him.”

Mrs. Horton had gone over to the fair and Harriet was willing Sunny Boy should go with Nelson. Harriet was usually willing as long as he told her where he was going. Ruth Baker had gone marketing with her mother, but Toby was eager to visit the vacant lot. He thought he might find another dog there and perhaps talk to him.

As soon as they came in sight of the vacant lot, Sunny Boy saw the man painting the weather-vane. He was sitting on one peak of the barn and he looked as though he would slide off if a puff of wind came anywhere near him. But he wasn't thinking of the wind at all—he

was putting bright gold paint on the rooster that was part of Mr. Butterworth's weather-vane.

"Look at Toby!" cried Nelson. "He's watching, too!"

Sunny Boy turned. There was Toby, up on his haunches, forepaws dangling limply, long nose pointed toward the barn. Toby was watching the man paint the weather-vane as intently as Sunny Boy watched.

"Dead dog, Toby," said Sunny Boy mischievously.

Instantly Toby rolled over and was still.

"There's somebody peeking at us," whispered Nelson suddenly. "See? Over there behind that sunflower stalk."

Nelson pointed and Sunny Boy stared, but he saw no one. Yet, even as he looked till his eyes hurt, a man stepped out, apparently from behind the sunflower stalk and walked toward him.

The man was young, with a dark, brown skin and very black eyes and curly dark hair. He

wore no hat. A red kerchief was knotted around his throat in place of a collar for his yellow flannel shirt.

"Maybe," thought Sunny Boy, "he is a pirate."

Then he noticed that the man wore tiny gold rings in his ears. Sunny Boy just could not help staring at those earrings. He had never, never, in all his life seen a man who wore earrings.

"Hello!" said the dark young man, in very good English. "That's a smart dog there. Is he your dog?"

"Yes sir," Sunny Boy answered. "His name is Toby—he's a sitting—I mean a setter dog. A Llewelyn setter."

The young man stooped down to pat Toby, but that usually friendly dog drew back and showed his teeth a little. Then he growled.

"So!" said the man. "He's a cross dog."

"No, he isn't!" Sunny Boy cried indignantly. "My mother says he is the sweetest-tempered

dog she ever saw. She says she never knew a dog who would let so many children pat him and pull him and ride on his back and never once be cross. Toby isn't cross one bit—is he, Nelson?"

"No, of course he isn't," said Nelson. "Maybe he growls at you because he doesn't know you. Toby can do lots of tricks—he's a very bright dog."

"I like tricks," the man said. "Let me see what your dog can do."

Sunny Boy thought resentfully that he might at least say "please," but he was too proud of Toby to let the man go away without seeing his pet perform. One after the other, Toby did his tricks. He played dead again, he stood on his head, he saluted, he jumped over Sunny Boy's back (because there was no broomstick handy for him to jump over) and he "spoke" as many times as Sunny Boy asked him to.

But he would not let the man touch him once, and if he tried to pet him after a trick, Toby drew back and showed his white teeth.

"At home," said Sunny Boy. "I have a wagon for him and a harness and he goes just like a pony—he gives the children in our neighborhood lots of rides. I earned forty-six cents for my Aunt Bessie's fair by giving children rides around the block after Toby."

"Yes, he's a smart dog, if he is cross," the man said. "Is he your dog—could you sell him—or is he your papa's dog?"

"He's mine," said Sunny Boy. "Daddy bought him for me. And I wouldn't sell him for—for anything."

The man stooped down and tried to pat Toby again. The dog snapped at him and he stood up and laughed.

"I wouldn't buy a dog that was cross," he declared, and without another word he walked away.

"Isn't he *queer*?" Nelson cried. "Toby isn't cross. I guess he just doesn't like gypsies."

"Was that man a gypsy?" asked Sunny Boy,

in surprise. "I thought he was a pirate! Did you see his gold earrings?"

Nelson nodded.

"I think we'd better take Toby home," said Sunny Boy. "That man might come back and try to buy him again. I wouldn't sell Toby to anybody."

They were almost home when Sunny Boy heard some one calling to him.

"Look, Sunny Boy," whispered Nelson. "Here are more gypsies."

A large touring car slid up to the curb and stopped. The man who had spoken to Sunny Boy about Toby was driving, and there were half a dozen other gypsies in the car with him. They all wore gold earrings, the men as well as the women, and the car seemed to be stuffed with feather beds and pillows and baskets and bundles. Sunny Boy wondered why they didn't pack things neatly in a trunk, as his mother did when she traveled, and why they didn't wash their car. Sunny Boy knew his daddy would

never let their car get as covered with mud and grime and grease as the gypsies' car was—there wasn't a single spot on it that looked as though it had ever been washed.

"Don't you want to sell your dog, little boy?" asked the gypsy woman who was sitting beside the driver on the front seat of the car. "We like your dog and we will pay you well for him. Such a big dog is too large for a little boy. With the money you could buy yourself a bicycle."

Sunny Boy shook his head.

"I—I would rather not," he said politely.

The gypsy woman put out her hand and clutched his arm. She shook her head angrily and her gold earrings swung to and fro and almost hit his eyes.

"You are silly!" she cried. "What do you want a dog like that—" But whatever else she said, neither Sunny Boy nor Nelson heard.

Sunny Boy jerked himself free and started to run. Nelson and Toby ran after him. The

three never stopped until they were safe on Sunny Boy's doorstep.

Then they looked back. The touring car was still at the curb and the gypsies seemed to be watching them.

When Sunny Boy told his daddy that night, Mr. Horton only laughed and said that no one could make a boy sell his dog.

"Those gypsies are forty miles from here by this time, Son," he declared. "They'll buy another dog and forget they ever wanted our Toby."

When Jessie Smiley told Sunny Boy the next day that she thought they ought to get up "a show" in Jimmie Butterworth's barn and invite the fathers and mothers to come and see Toby do his tricks, Sunny Boy forgot the gypsies, too.

They had to print the invitations and make seats for the parents to sit on—an audience like that couldn't be expected to sit on the floor, Jessie said—and as they wanted to give their

show the day after Jessie thought of it, you'll see there was no time to be lost.

Harriet, who was never too busy to be interested in Sunny Boy's plans, had promised him some "refreshments" as a surprise to every one, and she was icing little cakes the morning of the day the show was to be given—they had said 2 P.M. on the invitations—when she was startled to see Sunny Boy come running into the kitchen crying as though his heart would break.

"Toby!" was all he could gasp. "Harriet! Toby!"

CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING FOR TOBY

SUNNY BOY hardly ever cried. Even when he fell down, he was able to pick himself up and rub his knees or elbows and smile over the stumble. But now he was crying so hard that he frightened Harriet.

"Are you hurt, Sunny Boy?" asked Harriet, dropping her spoon on the table with a clatter. "Did something frighten you? What is the matter? Tell Harriet."

"It's—it's Toby!" gasped Sunny Boy. "He's lost!"

Harriet was so glad to find that Sunny Boy himself was all right that she almost laughed.

"Not that I'm not sorry, you know, Sunny Boy," she explained. "But I'm sure we can

find Toby, and as long as nothing happens to you I can't worry much."

"He's gone—you can't find him!" insisted Sunny Boy, the tears rolling down his face. "I've looked everywhere and he isn't here. And now we can't have the show in Jimmie Butterworth's barn."

"That's because you haven't looked—I mean the reason you can't find Toby is because you haven't looked enough," Harriet said. "You get Nelson Baker to help you—Nelson just loves to snoop around—and you two boys go to all the places Toby has ever been. You'll find him before noon, and that will give you plenty of time to have the show."

Harriet was so sure they'd find Toby that Sunny Boy began to feel more cheerful. He could almost see Toby lying down asleep in some corner. His head would be on his front paws.

"Perhaps he got tired of rehearsing for the show," said Sunny Boy thoughtfully.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," Harriet agreed, taking up her spoon and stirring her cake again. "I know if I were a dog and a dozen or so children mauled me about the way you do Toby, I'd be glad to run off somewhere and get a little rest when I could."

Sunny Boy left Harriet stirring her cake and went over to see if Nelson Baker could help him find Toby. Nelson liked to hunt for anything that was lost, and he told Sunny Boy he was lucky.

"I'm lucky that way," boasted Nelson. "Whenever my grandmother loses her glasses, I can find them. And once my daddy lost a little red leather book he keeps in his pocket, and I found that. I can always find Christmas presents, no matter where my mother hides them, I'm lucky about finding things and I'll bet you I can find Toby, Sunny Boy."

Sunny Boy was sure he could, too. Why, to hear Nelson talk made him feel as though Toby were as good as found already. Sunny Boy

rather thought Nelson would march straight off in some direction and point to a spot and say, "There's Toby. I knew he was there all the time."

But Nelson did nothing of the sort. He and Sunny Boy walked blocks and blocks and stopped every one they met and asked the people if they had seen a large dog—a Llewelyn setter.

"He can do tricks," Sunny Boy always added hopefully.

Some of the people they met knew Toby by sight at least, and some had never seen him. But one and all were most positive they had not seen Toby that morning.

Then Sunny Boy and Nelson went to Jimmie Butterworth's barn and searched that carefully. Jimmie was there, sweeping up for the show, he said, and when he heard that Toby was missing, he came and helped them look.

"I thought Toby might have gone to sleep in the hay, or something," explained Nelson.

But no Toby was in the barn and he wasn't in any of the back yards on Glenn Avenue, for Sunny Boy and Nelson looked, and he wasn't over at the vacant lot, either, for they looked there.

"Say, maybe he *is* lost," said Nelson, as the noon whistles blew and he and Sunny Boy came out of the last yard where they had thought Toby might be. "You don't suppose he would go into any one's house to—to ask for anything to eat, do you?"

"Of course not!" replied Sunny Boy. "But he did try to run back to the farm when we first got him," he added thoughtfully.

"You mean the time he jumped out of the car?" Nelson asked. "Yes, that time he did try to run away. Well, maybe he has run away again."

Nelson had to go in to lunch, because his mother was calling him; but he promised to help Sunny Boy hunt again that afternoon.

"We'd better send one of the boys around to

tell the folks there won't be any show," said Sunny Boy sorrowfully. "We can't have any show without Toby."

"Well, we may find him before two o'clock," Nelson suggested.

Harriet had already told Mrs. Horton about the lost Toby, and when Sunny Boy went slowly into the house, he found his mother at the telephone. He stood quietly and waited for her to finish her conversation.

"Hello, precious," she said, as she hung up the receiver. "I came home from the fair to see my little boy, and Harriet says that Toby has wandered away. So I've called up Daddy and he will come with the car and take you out to the Ponder place this afternoon."

"Oh, Mother! Is Toby there?" asked Sunny Boy eagerly.

"Why, dear, we don't know," Mrs. Horton answered. "But that was the first thing Daddy thought of when I told him Toby was missing.

He said the dog might have gone back to the farm and that you and he would drive out and see if he is there."

Mr. Horton drove up soon after lunch and took Sunny Boy and Nelson. Sunny Boy wanted Nelson to go with them, because he had worked so hard that morning, trying to find Toby. Ruth Baker and Jessie Smiley promised to go around to the different houses and tell the fathers and mothers that the show couldn't be held that afternoon.

"Tell them we'll have it as soon as we find Toby," said Sunny Boy, and Ruth and Jessie promised they would.

All the way out to the Ponder place, Sunny Boy kept watching for Toby. He looked on one side of the road, and Nelson looked on the other. Mr. Horton said they might find Toby along the way, but he asked Sunny Boy not to feel too sure of seeing him.

"Well, but, Daddy, he'll be out at the farm, won't he?" urged Sunny Boy. "Don't you

think he'll be there where he used to live, Daddy?"

"I can't tell," said Mr. Horton. "It does seem as though Toby might have run back to the farm; but the one way to find out is to go there and see for ourselves. And if he isn't there, we'll simply look in some other place. We won't stop hunting for Toby until we find him."

Sunny Boy had expected the Ponder place to look just as it had before. He wasn't at all prepared to find the blinds closed and the door padlocked and great long beams nailed across the doors of the barn, to keep them closed.

"Why," stammered Sunny Boy, as soon as he saw the house, "why, Daddy, nobody lives here now!"

"Mrs. Ponder has gone to New Wayne to live with her daughter," Mr. Horton reminded him. "And Mr. Meadows told us that the man who bought the farm has another place to live. No, I'm afraid Toby didn't come back here. If he had, he'd be somewhere near the house."

Sunny Boy went all around the house calling, "Toby! Here, Toby!" but no bark answered him.

"Look in the window," said Nelson, pointing to a window on the first floor, where one of the blinds was partly open.

Sunny Boy stood up on Nelson's back and peeped into the room, but there was no Toby there.

"We'll have to go back," said Mr. Horton, glancing at his watch.

"But, Daddy, maybe Toby is out in the fields," said Sunny Boy. "Maybe he doesn't hear us."

"My dear little son, Toby would be here on the porch, if he were on the farm at all," Mr. Horton declared firmly. "A dog doesn't like to be alone, and he would stay where he would be most likely to meet people. No, Toby isn't here. We'll have to look some other place for him."

Sunny Boy was very quiet all the way home.

and though Nelson tried to cheer him by saying that he would find Toby "pretty soon," poor Sunny Boy didn't feel very cheerful.

Mr. Horton promised to put an advertisement in the paper for Toby, and that night, when he brought the newspaper home with him, there was a notice asking people to tell the Horton family if they saw a dog, or found one, who answered to the description of Toby.

"My aunt lost her Persian cat and she advertised it in the paper and a little boy brought it back to her," said Oliver Dunlap. "I guess some one will bring Toby back, now that they can read about him. I wouldn't know where to take a dog I'd found unless there was an advertisement in the paper about him."

Sunny Boy cut out the advertisement and put it away in a little book. He half expected to see Toby on the back porch when he got up the next morning, but no brown-eyed dog was there. And the next day there was no Toby, nor the next, nor the day after that.

There were two or three telephone calls from people who had read the advertisement and who thought they had found Toby. But one woman telephoned that the dog her little girl had found was coal black and another one said the dog she had found was a little curly white poodle.

"I just thought he might be your dog," she told Mrs. Horton.

Sunny Boy, after three or four days, decided that he might as well go away from the house to play with the other children. He had been afraid at first that Toby might come home while he was away playing and if no one was at home, the dog might not stay.

"I'll always be here," said Harriet. "And your mother will be here most of the time—but I'll be here, day in and day out. I'll go to the window every now and then, too, and look out, so if Toby should come, I'll see him. You run off and play, Sunny Boy. You're just as apt to meet Toby on the next block as you are to find him on your doorstep."

Sunny Boy was glad to think Harriet would look out of the window every now and then, and the next time Nelson Baker suggested that they go over to the vacant lot to play, Sunny Boy was ready.

"Remember those gypsies?" asked Nelson, when they reached the lot. "That man wanted Toby, didn't he? Maybe Toby was frightened and ran away so you couldn't sell him to a gypsy."

"I guess Toby knew I wouldn't let the man have him," Sunny Boy said indignantly. "I guess Toby wasn't afraid I'd sell him. Maybe that gypsy took him—Mother said so last night."

"My mother thinks so, too," declared Nelson. "But I don't see how a gypsy could get Toby — he growled at the man and he would bite him if he tried to carry him away."

"Well, let's go over and get Jimmie and play Indians," he went on. "What are you looking at, Sunny Boy?"

“There’s a gypsy over on the other side of the street,” Sunny Boy said in a low tone. “See her with the basket? She’s selling something. Come on, Nelson! I’m going to tell Mother!”

Sunny Boy turned and ran and Nelson ran after him.

“What — are — you going — to — tell your mother?” asked Nelson jerkily.

“About the gypsy! Hurry!” Sunny Boy flung over his shoulder. “Maybe that gypsy knows where Toby is!” and he dashed into the house, shouting “Mother!” as he ran.

CHAPTER IX

THE GYPSY CAMP

MOTHER!" cried Sunny Boy. "Oh, Mother!"

"Mrs. Horton!" Nelson shouted. "Oh, Mrs. Horton!"

Sunny Boy's mother came to the head of the stairs and, laughing, looked down at the two boys.

"What in the wide world has happened?" she asked. "Nothing bad, or you wouldn't be able to make so much noise."

"Mother!" gasped Sunny Boy. "Mother, we saw a gypsy! And you know you said you thought perhaps those gypsies Nelson and I saw last week had taken Toby. This was a gypsy with a basket, Mother."

"And gold earrings," added Nelson, who

had noticed the earrings with great care.

Mrs. Horton came down the stairs, running. She looked almost as excited as Sunny Boy and Nelson.

"Are you *sure* you saw a gypsy?" she asked them. "You're sure it wasn't Mrs. Speck who sells iron-holders, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy knew old Mrs. Speck and so did Nelson. They had often seen her. She carried a basket, too.

"This was a gypsy, Mother," insisted Sunny Boy. "She had on yellow and red and blue skirts and lots of gold chains. She wasn't Mrs. Speck."

"Very well, I'm going to call Daddy and tell him," Mrs. Horton said.

She talked to Mr. Horton at his office while Sunny Boy and Nelson sat on the stairs and listened and Harriet, who had heard Sunny Boy shouting and had come out to see what the matter was, stood in the kitchen doorway and listened, too.

And, my goodness, just as Mrs. Horton hung up the receiver, there came a tap on the door and there was Ruth Baker.

"Mother wants you right away, Nelson," she said. "She's going to take you to the dentist. She said you promised to come home at ten o'clock."

Poor Nelson! He was having such an exciting time, and to be obliged to stop right in the middle of it and go to the dentist's office was enough to make him want to cry. He didn't cry, of course—Nelson was too old for that. He just looked cross and went off with Ruth after Mrs. Horton had promised to let him know when she found out whether the gypsy had stolen Toby or not.

"Daddy is coming right up, Sunny Boy," said Mrs. Horton, when Nelson and Ruth had gone. "He wants to ask the gypsy some questions."

Sunny Boy was out on the walk before the car stopped and he was seated beside his daddy before Mrs. Horton and Harriet, both stand-

ing on the steps, had time to call, "Please be careful!"

"Don't worry, Olive—we'll be back soon," said Mr. Horton and they moved off slowly up the street.

"Where did you see this gypsy, Sunny Boy?" asked his daddy. "On the next block? Well, she's probably a block further on by this time."

"There she is!" Sunny Boy cried suddenly. "Down that street, Daddy!"

Mr. Horton turned off from Glenn Avenue and into a cross street and there, coming down the brown stone steps of an old-fashioned house, was the gypsy Sunny Boy and Nelson had seen.

"Is she the one you saw in the automobile with the man?" asked Mr. Horton, bringing the car to a stop almost opposite the house.

"No-o, I think she is different," Sunny Boy decided.

He wondered if the gypsy could have Toby in her basket, but he knew that was nonsense. She couldn't carry such a heavy dog up and

down the steps, even if Toby had been willing to stay quietly in a basket.

The gypsy saw the car stop and she came down to the curb, smiling. She had rough gray hair, under a blue and red kerchief tied on for a cap, and her gold chains and bracelets tinkled as she walked.

"Lace?" she said to Mr. Horton. "You want to buy?"

He shook his head and Sunny Boy tried not to stare at the gypsy's dress. She seemed to be wrapped in half a dozen dresses, no two of them the same color.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Horton. "But I want to know where your camp is."

The gypsy frowned so that a deep crease came between her black eyes.

"We do not have people to visit us," she said sharply.

"I want to know where your camp is and I'm going there this morning," answered Mr.

Horton. "The quickest and easiest thing for you to do will be to get in the car and direct us. If you don't want to do that we'll have to take more time than I care to spend, but I can drive to the City Hall and make inquiries about your license."

The gypsy muttered something under her breath.

"Have you a license to peddle?" asked Mr. Horton.

"No," the gypsy said sullenly.

"I thought not," declared Mr. Horton. "You'd better get in the car and tell me how to find your camp. The first policeman you meet will demand your license and I'm not making you trouble but probably saving you some, by cutting down your bartering and selling hours."

The gypsy shook her fist so that all the bracelets on it rattled.

"I will not ride in your car," she said. "All like you are the gypsy's enemy."

"Then we'll carry your heavy basket for you,

and you go on ahead," Mr. Horton directed. "The camp isn't far off—your people always linger around the outskirts of a city. You walk home and we'll follow you."

"Why?" asked the gypsy, shrugging her shoulders. "What do you seek?"

Sunny Boy almost said, "Toby," but his daddy just touched his knee and Sunny Boy never said a word.

"We want something that's lost," said Mr. Horton. "We may not find it, but we're going to look. Here, I'll put the basket in for you."

He was out of his seat and had stepped to the sidewalk and had swung the heavy basket up on the back seat of the car before the gypsy knew what he was doing.

"I will go," she said crossly.

She turned and walked down the street a great deal faster than Sunny Boy had supposed she could walk.

"Grandma can't walk as fast as that," he said thoughtfully.

"Gypsies are used to walking miles and miles," explained his daddy. "Before they had automobiles to move in, they used to walk long distances every day. See how straight that gypsy woman's shoulders and back are and how easily she walks—as though she liked it. She is an old woman, but she is still well and strong."

Sunny Boy thought about the deep wrinkles in the gypsy's brown face and about her chains and bracelets and funny clothes. He thought his own Grandma Horton was much nicer.

Suddenly the gypsy sat down on a step.

"She thinks she'll discourage us and we will leave her," said Mr. Horton. "You stay here in the car, Sunny Boy, and I'll slip into this drug store and telephone Mother; then she won't worry about us."

Mr. Horton went into the drug store and Sunny Boy saw the gypsy get up. He thought perhaps she meant to walk on and he wondered if he ought to get out and go and tell his daddy.

But instead of going on, the gypsy began to walk toward the car.

In spite of himself, Sunny Boy began to feel queer. He didn't know what a gypsy could do to him, but he didn't want her even to look at him. And there she was, glaring at him as she walked past.

"Ah!" she muttered. "Ah! Ah-h!"

"I think pirates are nicer than gypsies," sighed poor Sunny Boy, twisting about in the car to see where the gypsy was going.

She disappeared around a corner just as his daddy came out and Sunny Boy was able to tell him in which direction she had gone.

When the car caught up with her, she was striding along, frowning and talking to herself. But as soon as she saw Mr. Horton she sat down on the steps again.

"Here comes a policeman," said Sunny Boy. "Perhaps he can make her tell us where the camp is."

But the moment the gypsy saw the policeman

she stood up and shook out her skirts. Then she began to walk. She walked twice as fast as she had before and she made so much breeze that the ends of the kerchief on her head and the scarf tied around her neck fluttered out like pieces of sail.

"Are gypsies afraid of policemen?" Sunny Boy asked his daddy.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Horton. "The gypsy doesn't lead such a carefree life after all, Sunny Boy. He doesn't want to bother with licenses and laws and he is usually quarreling with the farmers or the city authorities, wherever he happens to be. He doesn't make many friends."

Sunny Boy understood about licenses. He had heard the circus folk talk about them. The circus had to get a license from every town in which they were to perform and now it seemed that any one who wished to sell things from house to house in Centronia had to have a license, too.

"How much does a license cost, Daddy?"

asked Sunny Boy, watching the gypsy who was now a block ahead of them.

"About two dollars. I suppose that was more than the old gypsy woman cared to pay," Mr. Horton replied. "However, I'll give her a couple of dollars if she brings us to her camp without wasting too much time."

"Then she can buy a license to sell lace," said Sunny Boy. "That will be nice."

"Even if we find that the gypsies took Toby, do you want me to give her the money?" his daddy asked.

"Oh, yes, Daddy," said Sunny Boy. "She didn't take Toby! She wasn't in the automobile with those gypsies I saw!"

The old gypsy did not seem to be tired, even when she had walked to the city limits. She turned and looked back once or twice, but she did not stop.

"She's going up the stone quarry road, Daddy," cried Sunny Boy, much excited. "Look, she's going up the stone quarry road!"

The road led up a hill and the way was not paved. Perhaps the gypsy knew Mr. Horton would not like to take his car over such a rough road, but if she expected him to turn back, she was disappointed. He kept following her, and after they had gone perhaps a mile along the road, Sunny Boy looked ahead and saw people and horses and wagons and tents.

"That must be the camp," said Mr. Horton.

"She wants to talk to you, Daddy," Sunny Boy whispered. "See her hold up her hand?"

Mr. Horton stopped the car and the gypsy came close to the running board.

"The camp!" she said, jerking her head in the direction of the tents.

"All right, and we're much obliged," said Mr. Horton, putting his hand in his pocket. "Do you want your basket now?"

The gypsy nodded without saying anything. Mr. Horton dropped a bill into her wrinkled hand and she nodded twice, stiff little nods that must have meant "thank you." Then, before

Mr. Horton could open the door of the car, she had twisted the handle and opened it for herself and had dragged out the basket.

"She isn't very polite, is she?" said Sunny Boy, watching her as she went off across a field, carrying her basket on her head.

"Mother would say she is so old she doesn't have to be polite," Mr. Horton answered.

Sunny Boy stared as his daddy drove the car up close to the gypsy camp. Plenty of people stared at Sunny Boy, too. Old men and women, young men and girls, little children, all stood in groups and stared at him with the blackest eyes he had ever seen. A man in a red shirt stepped out from one of the tents and came over to the car.

"What do you want?" he asked quickly.

CHAPTER X

THE QUEER BOY GYPSY

SUNNY BOY didn't know how his daddy felt, but he felt the least bit queer. The gypsy man looked so surly and the other gypsies stared at the car and whispered to each other. Some of the children pointed at Sunny Boy.

"What do you want?" said the man again.

"We're looking for a dog," Mr. Horton answered. "A brown and white dog.

"Well we haven't got him," said the man. "You're only wasting your time around here."

"I think we'll look around the camp," Mr. Horton announced, locking the wheel and stepping out of the car. "Come, Sunny Boy, we'll walk around a bit."

Sunny Boy climbed down and kept close to Daddy. There were plenty of dogs in the

camp—little dogs and big dogs, fat ones and thin ones. Some were asleep on the ground and some were under the wagons. Sunny Boy didn't like strange dogs to sniff at him, even if they meant to be friendly.

The people in the camp didn't seem to be very busy. They sat on the steps of the wagons—some of the wagons had little ladders leading from their canvas doors to the ground—and some sat on old soap boxes. The children tumbled around on the ground, and if they were playing games, they were not any games that Sunny Boy knew.

"Do you suppose Toby is here?" Sunny Boy whispered, as a large black and white dog barked at him from under a rusty-looking automobile which was resting on two front wheels and two boxes for the rear wheels.

"I hardly think he's here in this camp," said Mr. Horton thoughtfully. "But what I'm trying to find out is whether he has ever been here. Do you see any of the gypsies you saw in

the automobile that morning, Sunny Boy?"

"No-o," said Sunny Boy. "But maybe I don't remember them, Daddy."

"I don't suppose you do," Mr. Horton agreed. "I must say, all the gypsies look pretty much alike to me. Harriet would want to scrub the whole place, wouldn't she?"

Sunny Boy nodded. The camp was certainly dirty. None of the wagons or automobiles had been washed for a long time, for mud was caked on the wheels and sides. The canvas tops were stained and torn and the clothes flapping on the lines strung between the trees were mostly rags. They didn't look very clean, either. Sunny Boy thought how Harriet would scold if she saw a washing that looked as these clothes did.

Sunny Boy had to be careful where he stepped. The ground was littered with old boxes and papers and tin cans and some of the cans were half filled with water. There were banana and orange skins and bits of potato peel-

ings scattered around, too. Sunny Boy thought that if Toby had been brought to this camp, he would have run away the first chance he had. Toby never would eat unless he had his food and water in clean dishes. He was a particular dog, and the gypsies were not at all particular.

Mr. Horton and Sunny Boy walked all around the camp. Mr. Horton did not seem to mind if the gypsies stared at him and whispered to themselves behind his back. But though he and Sunny Boy went over every square foot of the camp, not a sign did they find to tell them that Toby had ever been there.

"We might as well go back," said Mr. Horton finally. "Of course, even if they had stolen Toby, the dog wouldn't be here now. We'll get lunch somewhere on the road. I don't suppose you care for any of that stew we smell cooking, Sunny Boy?"

Sunny Boy wrinkled his straight little nose in disgust. There was something bubbling and stewing in an iron pot which hung on three iron

stakes over a fire. But Sunny Boy, though he had to admit that it smelled rather good, and he was certainly hungry, would not have tasted it for anything.

"There's somebody sitting on our car," said Sunny Boy, as they came in sight of the automobile again.

A ragged and dirty boy, who looked as though he might be about fifteen or sixteen years old, was sitting on the running board of the car. He did not move as Mr. Horton and Sunny Boy came up.

"Hello!" he said.

Sunny Boy answered, "Hello," and Mr. Horton stepped into the car and unlocked the wheel.

"Aren't you going to take any moving pictures?" asked the boy.

"Moving pictures?" Mr. Horton repeated. "Why, no. What made you think we were?"

"Well, the last folks that came in a car did," said the boy. "They took real moving pictures and I helped them act. They took pictures of

everything—the wagons and the campfire and some of the kids and the dog—”

“What dog?” said Mr. Horton so quickly that Sunny Boy jumped.

“Oh, one of our dogs,” the boy answered. “They had to have a dog to help make the moving picture. It was just a dog we had around.”

“What color was it?” asked Sunny Boy.

“Black,” the boy replied. “All black and real little—just a pup. He belongs to one of the kids.”

But when Mr. Horton asked if they might see the puppy the boy said that it had died since the picture had been taken.

The boy got up when Mr. Horton finally started the car, and he stood by the road and watched Sunny Boy and his daddy till they were out of sight.

“Daddy, he was queer, wasn’t he?” said Sunny Boy when he was eating a bun and drinking a glass of milk a few minutes later.

He and Daddy had stopped at one of the road-

side stands for some lunch and Sunny Boy was thinking about the gypsy boy. He had been thinking every moment since they left the camp.

"Yes, I think he was queer," Mr. Horton agreed seriously. "I don't believe a word he told us about the dog. He said it was a puppy and then he said 'it belonged to one of the kids.' But when we asked to see the dog, he said it had died. His statements sounded mixed to me."

"Maybe they had Toby," said Sunny Boy sadly. "Toby would be good in moving pictures."

"Well, if they did have him, they haven't him now," Mr. Horton declared confidently. "They couldn't hide a dog as large as Toby, and we covered the camp pretty thoroughly. He wasn't there, Sunny Boy. We can't call our time wasted, because we know the dog isn't in the gypsy camp."

Mrs. Horton was disappointed, too, when they reached home and told her they had not found Toby. She had been almost sure they would dis-

cover him in the gypsies' camp. But she told Sunny Boy that they would find Toby "sooner or later."

"You see, it isn't as if Toby was a little dog," Sunny Boy explained to Ruth Baker. "He's so large that people can't keep him shut up or carry him around in a basket. Mother says that if we don't find him, maybe he will find us. She says some day he may come running all the way home."

After that, Ruth used to stop and stare up the street, and when any one asked her, "What are you looking at, Ruth?" she would say, "I'm looking to see if Toby is coming home yet."

All the children on Glenn Avenue missed Toby very much. They did not know how to play without him, for they had grown so used to seeing him do his tricks and they had had so many rides in the wagon, with Toby as the horse, that when they no longer had him to play with them their old games did not seem half as interesting as they had been.

"What shall we play, Sunny Boy?" asked Oliver Dunlap one morning. "It's no fun getting up a show unless we can have Toby. There isn't anything new to play."

"We never played gypsies," Sunny Boy suggested. "Why don't we play gypsies?"

"How do you play?" asked Jimmie Butterworth. "I never played gypsies. How do you do it?"

Sunny Boy explained that he had never played that game, either, but he thought it would be fun.

"We can dress up in rags and things," he planned. "And we can have a camp. Let's get all the old clothes we can and pretend that we are gypsies in a camp."

The other children decided this would be great fun, and they all dashed home to get on old clothes. Sunny Boy told his mother, and she helped him into an old suit that had been his daddy's. They had to pin it up in half a dozen places with safety pins, but Mrs. Horton said

she thought Sunny Boy looked more like a gypsy that way than if his suit had fitted him.

"Where are you going to have your camp, precious?" she asked him, when he was ready to go out and play.

"Over in the vacant lot," said Sunny Boy. "I don't suppose we could have a real fire, Mother?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Horton answered firmly. "I dare say that at least six mothers on this block are saying 'certainly not' to that very same question at this very same minute. No fire, Sunny Boy. But if you are good and play contentedly without asking for things you know you can not have, perhaps there'll come a surprise your way before you have finished playing."

Out in front of his house, Sunny Boy found Oliver Dunlap and Jimmie Butterworth and Perry Phelps and Nelson Baker, all dressed in the oldest and most ragged clothes they had been able to find.

Ruth Baker and Dorothy Peters and Jessie Smiley were there, too, and they had put on two and three dresses apiece. You see, they remembered what Sunny Boy had told them about the skirts the gypsy women wore.

"I have on three dresses and they're each a different color," said Jessie Smiley proudly. "Two belong to my aunt and one dress is my mother's and they wrap around me."

Those dresses *did* wrap around Jessie! They went around her two or three times and she tripped over them at almost every step she took. Nelson got very cross indeed before they reached the vacant lot, because he said Jessie took too much time to walk and he didn't think they could have any fun playing if she was going to fall down all the time.

"Gypsies don't do much playing," Sunny Boy announced. "They just stand around and talk. I guess Jessie can stand around and talk when we get to the vacant lot."

"Of course I can," said Jessie. "I could walk

better than this, too, if I could stop and pin up one of these ends. But Nelson is always in a hurry."

However, they reached the vacant lot without any serious argument, and they managed to make a very good imitation fire by using sticks and grass and leaves and driving pieces of tree branches into the ground and hanging a tomato can from these, as Sunny Boy had seen the gypsies' iron pot hung over their fire.

"Mother said maybe there would be a surprise by and by," said Sunny Boy, as they sat around their make-believe fire to rest.

"Here comes Harriet! Maybe she has the surprise," Ruth Baker cried eagerly.

"Anybody here want his fortune told?" said Harriet, as soon as she saw them watching her.

CHAPTER XI

“THE APPLE TREE BOY”

OH, Harriet, I'd love to have my fortune told!" cried Jessie Smiley.

The girls all wanted their fortunes told. The boys pretended they were not interested.

"Huh, I don't believe in fortunes!" exclaimed Oliver Dunlap.

Still the boys were willing to stand up in a row and hold up their hands when Harriet said that was the thing to do.

The eight children lined up and held their hands, palms up, for Harriet to look at them.

"They're kind of dirty," Sunny Boy apologized. "We were making a make-believe fire, Harriet, and some of the dirt and stones didn't come off."

"I'm a good fortune-teller," said Harriet. "I

can tell a fortune right through the dirt!"

"Dear me!" she went on, as she looked at Ruth Baker's hands—Ruth stood first. "Ruth, I think you're going to have an exciting experience."

Ruth's eyes grew very round as she stared at Harriet.

"When am I going to have it?" she begged.

"Pretty soon," said Harriet. "Maybe to-day."

Ruth looked, Sunny Boy thought, as though she expected the "exciting experience" to come up and bite her.

"Sunny Boy stood next to Ruth, and when Harriet looked at his hands, she said he was also to have an exciting experience.

"Maybe we'll have 'em together, Ruth," declared Sunny Boy. "Don't you be afraid—we'll like it, maybe."

"Why, of course you will," Harriet told them. "I thought you understood that! Whatever this exciting experience is to be, it will be some-

thing you like very much. The lines of your hands tell me that.”

“Of course I’ll not be afraid, Sunny Boy Horton,” scolded Ruth, and she was so indignant that she scolded while Harriet was talking.

Harriet went down the line and none of the other children, except one, was to expect an exciting experience. Nelson was the one exception. Harriet told him that he might look for something exciting, perhaps that very day.

Dorothy and Jessie and Oliver and Jimmie and Perry were all “going on a journey very soon.” As they couldn’t think where they could go, Harriet suggested that, as long as she had to go to the store for Mrs. Horton, they walk around to the grocery with her.

“In these clothes, Harriet? Could we go to the grocery in our gypsy clothes?” asked Sunny Boy.

“Well,” said Harriet, looking the group of children over, “you do look pretty queer.”

“Maybe Mr. Royal would think we’re real

gypsies! Let's go this way!" exclaimed Jessie.

"I think not," decided Harriet. "You each go home—fast, now—and change and I'll wait for you."

It was not long before the children were ready to go to the grocery with Harriet, who had waited in the vacant lot.

Harriet never minded how many children went with her. She said the more there were the more practice she had answering questions. Sunny Boy knew Harriet liked to answer questions—she had once told him that when he was away visiting and there was no little boy in the house to ask her questions she thought she must be sick, she felt so queer. Then, when Sunny Boy came home and asked her nine questions in one day, Harriet felt so much better that she knew it was the lack of questions to answer that had made her feel queer.

Mr. Royal, the grocer, was very glad to see them all and he asked Sunny Boy if Toby had

been found yet. He felt bad when he learned that Toby was still lost.

“That’s the smartest dog I ever did see,” declared Mr. Royal. “He knew just as much as a human being, that dog did. I hope you’ll find him, Sunny Boy.”

As soon as Harriet had her packages, she said she thought that the lollypops looked extra nice and fresh. Mr. Royal said yes, they were. He said he had unwrapped a new box that morning and he recommended them highly.

“Take the color you like best,” Harriet told the children. “Girls first. Ruth, what is your favorite color in lollypops?”

Ruth wanted green and Jessie and Dorothy chose yellow. Nelson and Perry liked red and Sunny Boy took licorice. Jimmie and Oliver wanted blue, but as there were no blue lollypops they decided to be contented with orange.

“You haven’t any, Harriet,” said Sunny Boy, as they left the store. “Didn’t you want a lollypop, Harriet?”

"No, I thank you," Harriet said. "I'm very seldom hungry for a lollypop." And when Sunny Boy stopped to think about it, he had never seen Harriet eating one.

"This was a journey, wasn't it?" said Jessie Smiley to Dorothy Peters, as they trudged along behind Harriet.

Sunny Boy and Nelson were carrying the packages and they heard what Jessie said.

"I don't think going to the grocery store is a journey," Dorothy replied. "Harriet, going to the grocery store isn't a journey, is it?"

"To be sure it is," replied Harriet.

"Oh-h, Harriet, was that the journey you told us about in our fortunes?" asked Dorothy.

"Why, yes," Harriet said. "You've had a journey, haven't you? What is the matter with that kind of a fortune?"

"But you knew it was going to happen," argued Oliver Dunlap.

"Well, that's the kind of fortunes I tell," Harriet informed him. "What other kind can any

one tell? Only the things that you know will happen can be told ahead of time. If I don't know what will happen to you to-morrow or the next day or next week, how can I tell you about it?”

“Do you know what the exciting experience is?” demanded Ruth. “Say, Harriet, do you know what is going to happen to me that is exciting?”

“I know this,” said Harriet: “If you get any more dirt on your dress than you have now, something exciting will happen to you and it will be a scolding. Your mother put that dress on you fresh and clean only this morning.”

“Just the same, she must know,” whispered Dorothy to Ruth. “I'd like to know what happens to you and how exciting it is. You keep watching for it, Ruth, and be sure you let us know.” Ruth said she would.

As it was almost lunch time when they reached the Horton house, the children scattered to go to their various homes. One lollypop, you know,

doesn't affect your appetite for lunch. Two might, but Harriet was careful to see that no one had two lollypops.

Sunny Boy found that he was to have lunch in the kitchen with Harriet. His mother, Harriet explained, had had a telephone call from Aunt Bessie who wanted her to go with her to choose a new dress.

"Your mother expected to go shopping this afternoon and she had something planned for you and me to do," said Harriet, as she spread a white cloth and Sunny Boy brought out the plates and his own silver cup for milk.

"But your aunt called up earlier than she had expected at first and your mother decided to have lunch downtown. Shall we have brown bread?" asked Harriet.

They had brown bread and their favorite marmalade. Sunny Boy and Harriet made the marmalade together every year and Harriet always said that it was the orange peel Sunny Boy put in it that made it so good. As they ate

lunch, Harriet told Sunny Boy what they were to do that afternoon.

“There’s a motion picture playing at the Bijou,” said Harriet. “Your mother says it is a lovely picture and she thought you and Nelson and Ruth Baker might like to see it.”

“Oh, Harriet, let’s!” cried Sunny Boy. “Let’s go early and get good seats, Harriet. We can leave the dishes, Harriet, and I’ll dry them for you when we come back.”

“Eat your bread,” said Harriet. “We’ll have plenty of time to wash the dishes before we have to go. The place doesn’t open till a quarter after two.”

“But, Harriet,” Sunny Boy protested, almost choking as he tried to eat brown bread without chewing it, “there might be a crowd! We ought to go early.”

“We’ll go early enough,” promised Harriet. “You put on a clean collar, Sunny Boy. You’d better put on a clean blouse. Put on a clean blouse and brush your hair and then go over

and ask Nelson and Ruth while I wash the dishes. Your mother spoke to Mrs. Baker before she went, but you can go and see if they will be ready in half an hour or so."

Sunny Boy rushed upstairs and dressed as if he were going to a fire—Harriet said she never saw any one dress so quickly in her life. But when she looked him over, she said he looked very nice indeed and he was a credit to her.

Sunny Boy found Ruth and Nelson rushing around as though they were going to a fire, too. Mrs. Baker was laughing at Nelson, who had had to change his shoes and who was in such a hurry he had laced them up wrong twice.

"Well, Sunny Boy, so Harriet is going to take you to the movies, is she?" said Mrs. Baker. "Tell her she has more patience than I have. I don't like to go in the afternoon when there are so many children there. They can't keep still and they make me nervous."

"They're young," Sunny Boy explained. "It's

the little children who make so much noise. We don't do a thing, do we, Nelson?”

“Of course not,” said Nelson. “Ruth fidgets, but I never do.”

Ruth would have argued about this at any other time, but she was in such a hurry to get started that she didn't care much what her brother said about her.

“Sunny Boy, do you think this is the exciting experience?” she asked, as soon as they had said good-bye to her mother and were going down the steps.

“Why—why—maybe it is,” Sunny Boy answered. “There's Harriet—we'll ask her.”

Harriet was certainly the nicest person to take any one to the movies. She knew it was hard work to wait, and as soon as she had dried the last dish and put on her hat she came out, so that she would be ready to start as soon as Sunny Boy and Ruth and Nelson came out of the Baker house.

“Harriet, is this the exciting experience you

said would happen—when you told our fortunes, you know?” coaxed Sunny Boy.

Harriet laughed and nodded “yes.”

“I told you I tell the kind of fortunes I know will come true,” she declared. “Isn’t this an exciting experience?”

Well, it was! Sunny Boy and Nelson and Ruth thought there was nothing half as exciting as going to the movies. Perhaps that was partly because they didn’t go very often.

The Bijou—which was the name of the motion-picture theater—was about four blocks from Glenn Avenue. Sunny Boy was so afraid they would be late that he almost made Harriet run the last block. She did try to hurry and—wasn’t it lovely!—they got there just at the exact minute the little window of the ticket office flew up with a bang.

“Look at the pictures!” cried Ruth.

Nothing would do but she must look at the posters before they went in. Harriet bought the tickets, and by the time they had studied

all the posters and Harriet had read the names on them, a steady stream of children was pouring into the theater. Some were smaller than Sunny Boy and many were larger and older.

The play was especially for children, and Harriet said it was called “The Apple Tree Boy.” Sunny Boy hoped it would be about a farm, because he knew a great deal about farms, from visiting his Grandpa Horton.

They went into the theater finally, and found seats that were exactly right—not too far down and not too far back. Harriet let Sunny Boy sit on the aisle, because she said she could trust him to get up politely if any one else wanted to come in that row.

For twenty minutes or so after they were seated, the children in the theater laughed and talked and ran up and down the aisles. But the instant the lights went off, every one became very quiet.

“Oh, oh, my!” Sunny Boy heard Ruth Baker

sigh, and a delicious shiver of excitement went up and down his back.

"The Apple Tree Boy" was about to begin!

The play was about a farm and Sunny Boy kept poking Nelson every few minutes because he saw so many things that he had seen at Brookside Farm. There were pigs and cows and sheep. There was a brook that went through a lovely apple orchard. It was in this brook that the "Apple Tree Boy" decided to go wading, and the audience saw him sit down on the grass and take off his shoes and stockings.

But no one understood just exactly what happened that made Sunny Boy stand up suddenly in his seat and shout!

"Why, there is Toby, Harriet! Don't you see it's Toby, my dog, Harriet?"

CHAPTER XII

IT WAS TOBY

IT'S Toby!" Sunny Boy kept saying. "Harriet, it's Toby in the picture! I want him!"

Harriet reached across Nelson and pulled Sunny Boy down. People behind him were beginning to call out "Sit down!" and other voices were asking, "What's the matter? Is anybody hurt?"

"Sh!" said Harriet to Sunny Boy. "Don't talk so loud. Maybe it is Toby and maybe it isn't. Lots of dogs look alike, you know."

"I know it's Toby!" Sunny Boy insisted. "Dogs don't look like Toby, do they, Nelson? I never saw a dog that looked like Toby."

"It does look something like Toby," Nelson admitted.

"Well, watch the picture," urged Harriet.

"You'll have the whole place upset if you make so much noise. Watch the picture and then you can be sure whether it is Toby or not."

Sunny Boy settled down and stared at the screen. He had missed half a dozen scenes of "The Apple Tree Boy," but the picture had not yet reached the end.

"Look!" Sunny Boy whispered to Nelson. "There comes the dog. When he gets real near, you'll see it is Toby."

But Sunny Boy was to be disappointed. The dog in the picture was running down the hill, but before he came near enough to be plainly seen the hill changed into the parlor of the house and the dog had disappeared.

"He'll come again," said Sunny Boy confidently. "Just you watch, Nelson."

Nelson watched and so did Harriet and Ruth and half the children in the theater. The word had gone around that "a little boy's dog is in the picture" and the audience was more interested in getting a glimpse of the dog than they

were in the story of "The Apple Tree Boy."

The dog kept frisking in and out of the scenes, but he stayed at a distance from the center of each picture and the one time he came "out plain," as Sunny Boy said, the scene was over so quickly that no one had a chance really to see if it was Toby or another dog that had been barking at the boy in the apple tree.

"Let's stay and see it again," said Sunny Boy, when the picture was over.

"They don't show them twice Saturday afternoons," Nelson explained. "Only once. You're not going now, are you, Harriet?"

There was a comedy after "The Apple Tree Boy," and though neither Sunny Boy nor Harriet cared much about seeing it, Nelson and Ruth hated to miss any of the program. So they all stayed, but Sunny Boy spent the time wondering whether he had really seen Toby.

As soon as he reached home, he told his mother about the picture.

"Why, Sunny Boy, I don't see how that could

have been Toby," Mrs. Horton replied. "What makes you think it was your dog?"

"He looked like Toby, Mother," said Sunny Boy earnestly. "He looked exactly like Toby. He held his head just the way Toby did. And it takes a very bright dog to act in the movies, and Toby was a bright dog."

"It did look a little like Toby, Mrs. Horton," Harriet said. "I wasn't paying much attention till Sunny Boy shouted that it was Toby. But when I looked at the dog after that, I could see it looked something like Toby."

Mrs. Horton was puzzled. She didn't believe, she said, that Toby was the dog in the picture. But she promised Sunny Boy that she and Mr. Horton would go that evening to the Bijou and see "The Apple Tree Boy" for themselves.

Sunny Boy was anxious to go, too, but his mother said he could not stay awake as late as that.

"We're going early, for we want to see the picture twice, dear," Mrs. Horton explained.

“Daddy is determined to study the dog in the play carefully. If he thinks it is really Toby, he will know what to do.”

Harriet was to stay with Sunny Boy, and soon after dinner Mr. and Mrs. Horton started for the Bijou Theater.

Sunny Boy and Harriet played dominoes until Nelson Baker and Ruth came over to ask what Mr. Horton had said about Toby.

“He and mother have gone to see the picture,” Sunny Boy explained. “Mother says if it is Toby, Daddy will know what to do.”

“But you can’t take the dog out of the play, because it isn’t a real dog,” said Ruth. “It’s nothing but a picture.”

“He could find out where the picture was made, couldn’t he, Harriet?” asked Nelson.

“I think Mr. Horton will do that,” Harriet answered.

“Let’s stay till Mr. Horton comes home, Nelson,” suggested Ruth.

Harriet laughed at that.

"Sunny Boy isn't going to sit up and I don't believe you'd have a very good time, just watching me sew," said Harriet. "Mr. and Mrs. Horton won't be home till after eleven o'clock. They're going to stay for the second show."

Of course Nelson and Ruth couldn't stay till eleven o'clock—their mother would come after them long before that—so they wisely decided to go home when Sunny Boy went to bed, which was at eight o'clock.

"Now you stop thinking about Toby and you'll go right to sleep," said Harriet, when she had him tucked in bed. "You can hear all your father and mother have to say to-morrow morning."

Harriet went downstairs and Sunny Boy shut his eyes. But they wouldn't stay closed. In less than a minute, Sunny Boy was surprised to find his eyes were wide open and watching the crack of light that showed from the hallway.

"I wonder what Harriet is doing," said Sunny Boy to himself. "I wonder if that was Toby in

the picture. I don't see how Toby could get in a motion picture! I wonder if he liked it."

The more Sunny Boy wondered, the wider awake he grew. He heard the hall clock strike nine, but he didn't feel sleepy.

"I could go out and sit in the hall and wait for Mother and Daddy," he decided. "I'll take a blanket, and if the boards don't creak, Harriet won't care."

What he meant was that if the hall floor didn't creak, Harriet would not know that he was out of bed.

Sunny Boy managed to reach the top of the stairs without making a bit of noise. He wrapped himself in his blanket and wondered if an Indian chief felt the way he did.

"I could scare Harriet if I gave an Indian war-whoop," he thought. "But perhaps I'd better not."

He could see the living-room light, if he peered between the railings, and every now and then a paper rattled.

"Harriet isn't sewing—she's reading the newspaper," thought Sunny Boy. "If I went down she might read the pictures to me. But, then, she might think I ought to go to bed, so I'll stay here."

It was certainly odd, but as long as Sunny Boy had been in bed, he wasn't sleepy. And now, when he was sitting up as straight as an Indian chief should sit, he felt his eyes beginning to get heavy.

"I have to stay awake till Daddy comes," he murmured to himself.

But in spite of his wishes, he must have gone to sleep, because when the hall door banged, some time later, he found his head resting against the railings and the blanket wrapped around his feet, instead of around his shoulders.

Sunny Boy peered down into the hall. He couldn't see his daddy, but his mother stood before the mirror and the hall table, taking off her hat.

“Mother!” whispered Sunny Boy. “Mother! Was it Toby in the picture?”

Mrs. Horton glanced up the stairway.

“Why, Sunny Boy Horton!” she cried. “You should have been asleep hours ago. Haven’t you been in bed?”

Harriet came out into the hall and looked up the stairway, too. Sunny Boy picked up the blanket and started toward them.

“I went to bed and everything,” he explained. “But I just didn’t feel sleepy; so I came out to wait for you. I think I went to sleep a minute or two, Mother.”

Mrs. Horton laughed and said she supposed he wouldn’t go to sleep again until he had heard what they had to tell him.

“You might as well come down and curl up on the davenport,” she told him. “I’ll cover you up with the blanket.”

Mr. Horton had been putting out a note for the milkman, but he came in just as Sunny Boy had been comfortably tucked up on the sofa.

"Are you up?" said Mr. Horton, in astonishment. "I thought all boys were asleep hours before this."

"We'll have to tell Sunny Boy what has happened and then he'll go to sleep and not wonder any longer," said Sunny Boy's mother.

She and Harriet sat down and Mr. Horton sat on the davenport close to Sunny Boy.

"Was it Toby, Daddy?" asked Sunny Boy anxiously. "Did you see the picture, Daddy? Was it Toby?"

"We saw the picture twice," Mr. Horton answered. "And yes, both Mother and I think the dog in the play is Toby. In fact, Mother was convinced before I was."

Mrs. Horton's cheeks were pink and she looked as excited as Sunny Boy did.

"Why, of course it was Toby!" she said. "Harriet, he put up his paw to scratch his nose just the way we've seen him do it a hundred times!"

Mr. Horton laughed and said that any dog might scratch its nose.

"However, this dog had the same markings Toby had, and he is the same kind of dog—no doubt about that," he declared. "I went to the box office, and after some trouble, the ticket seller put me in touch with the manager."

"Did you see Toby, Daddy?" asked Sunny Boy eagerly.

"No, indeed," Mr. Horton answered cheerfully. "I wouldn't have been at all surprised to learn that the picture was made on the Pacific coast. If it had been, Toby would have been in California. But the manager tells me 'The Apple Tree Boy' was filmed not so many miles from here. I have the name of the company and the address and we can reach their studio in the car."

"Can we go—can we go to-morrow?" Sunny Boy questioned, kicking off the blanket as though he might have some intention of starting at that very moment.

"To-morrow is Sunday," his daddy reminded him. "We can't go very well on Sunday. There might be no one at the studio. But if you are a good and patient boy all day to-morrow, I've promised to drive to Basile and interview the company officials there."

"Will you take me, Daddy?" asked Sunny Boy. "I know my golden text now, don't I, Harriet? Will you take me, Daddy, if I get a star in Sunday school and don't ask for two pieces of pie?"

"If you'll do all that and go to bed and go to sleep this minute, I'll take you with me at quarter past eight Monday morning," promised Mr. Horton.

CHAPTER XIII

A LONG SUNDAY

YOU may be sure that at his daddy's words Sunny Boy dashed off to bed and tumbled in as quickly as he could. This time he went to sleep without any trouble, and he even slept later than usual, because he had stayed up so late the night before.

The very first thing Sunny Boy thought of when he woke to find the sun shining in his room, was that perhaps he and his daddy could find Toby.

"If we do find Toby, Daddy," he said at the breakfast table, "can we bring him home with us?"

"Why, I think some kind of arrangement can be made," returned Mr. Horton, pouring syrup on his waffles.

"Toby doesn't belong to the Apple Tree Boy—he belongs to us," Sunny Boy argued.

"Yes. But you want to remember that the moving picture company didn't steal Toby," said Mr. Horton. "They don't go around the country stealing animals to go into their plays. If that is really our Toby we saw in the picture, you may make up your mind that the company bought him from some one who claimed to own him."

Before breakfast was over Nelson Baker tapped on the side door, to ask what Mr. Horton had found out.

"He's Toby! Mother says so and Daddy does, too!" Sunny Boy cried, so excited that he waved a teaspoon at Nelson. "Daddy and I are going to-morrow in the car to get him."

"Where is he?" asked Nelson eagerly.

"We think he may be at Basile—that's the city where this motion picture company has a studio," Mr. Horton explained. "We found out what company made the picture and, according

to the Bijou manager, they are still at work there. But, of course, we may be mistaken about the dog. He may turn out to be some other dog and not Toby, after all."

"He looked like Toby in the picture," said Nelson cautiously. "But I suppose he could be another dog just the same."

Sunny Boy, however, was certain that they had seen Toby. Without saying anything to his mother or Harriet, he got out the box of dog biscuit that had been Toby's and wrapped three cakes in a piece of paper. He put these under the seat in the automobile, in case Toby should be hungry when they found him.

Sunny Boy ordinarily enjoyed Sunday. His daddy was at home all day and sometimes they went to church with Mother in the morning. Sometimes Daddy did not go, and then Sunny Boy stayed at home with him and they read aloud to each other. Then, when church was over, they had dinner and in the afternoon Sunny Boy went to Sunday school, and sometimes his

daddy met him on the way home and they took a walk together.

This Sunday seemed twice as long as usual, Sunny Boy thought. His mother went to church, but he stayed at home with Daddy and Daddy went to sleep, so Sunny Boy wandered out into the kitchen and talked to Harriet, who was getting dinner.

"Will you hear me say my golden text, Harriet, please?" Sunny Boy asked her.

Harriet heard him say it three times, so he would be sure to remember it in Sunday school, and Sunny Boy helped her fill the salt cellars and get out clean napkins and set the table for dinner.

Sunny Boy helped put the dishes on the table, too, and he stooped down and watched the meat cooking in the oven every time Harriet opened the door to "baste" it. Sunny Boy thought basting the meat with gravy, instead of needle and thread as his mother did when she basted the blouses she made for him, was a queer way to do;

but Harriet said that meat and gravy would taste better than needles and thread to eat, and Sunny Boy agreed that it would.

After dinner Nelson and Ruth Baker stopped for Sunny Boy and they walked to Sunday school. The church was five blocks from the two houses on Glenn Avenue, and on the way the children saw a brown and white dog that reminded them all of Toby.

"Do you think Toby will know you?" asked Ruth doubtfully. "Don't dogs forget people?"

"I haven't forgotten him," Sunny Boy said. "I don't see how Toby can forget me when I remember him."

"I don't believe he'll forget you," declared Nelson. "Don't you remember, Ruth, we had a cat once and we went to the country for all summer and the cat stayed with Aunt Edith? Well, we didn't forget the cat and she made a fuss over us when we came home, so I guess Toby will know Sunny Boy."

Sunny Boy hoped so, and all the time he was

in Sunday school, although he tried to keep his mind on the lesson, he kept thinking how Toby looked when he was doing his tricks.

"Sunny Boy, are you listening to me?" asked his teacher, Miss Corey.

"Yes'm, I'm listening; but I'm thinking a little bit, too," Sunny Boy answered honestly.

"He's thinking about his dog," said Nelson, and Jessie Smiley, who was in the class, asked right away:

"Have you found Toby, Sunny Boy?"

Miss Corey knew that Toby was lost and she stopped the lesson for a few minutes to let Sunny Boy tell the class of having seen his dog in the movies Saturday afternoon. All the children were interested and most of them wished they had gone to see "The Apple Tree Boy."

"I hope you'll find him," said Miss Corey. "And now, if you are to have a star to show your daddy, I'd better hear the golden text."

Sunny Boy remembered his text perfectly, and he had a gold star on a blue card to take

home. Nelson knew the text, too, but Jessie Smiley forgot half of it. That wasn't as bad as forgetting all of it, of course, but Miss Corey didn't have any half stars, so Jessie didn't get a card.

After Sunday school, Sunny Boy and Nelson and Ruth went home and sat on their steps and talked about Toby. Sunny Boy was afraid it never would be Monday morning, but presently it was half-past five and he could go in and help Mother get the Sunday night supper.

Sunny Boy always liked to do that, and he and Mother never let Daddy do a thing. He was supposed to sit in his easy chair and rest until Sunny Boy called, "Supper, Daddy!" and then he came out and pretended to be surprised when he saw everything on the table.

For once in his short life Sunny Boy was glad when bed time came. He was even willing to go to bed fifteen minutes before his usual hour, in order that he might get up extra early the next morning. His daddy promised to call him,

and Harriet—who had gone to her sister's for supper and who liked to spend the evening there, but who hurried back this time—promised to get breakfast early, too.

“I was so excited thinking about Toby that I couldn't sit quietly,” Harriet explained, “and my sister said if I was going to have the fidgets, I might as well go home.”

With every one in the house so eager for Monday morning, it was no wonder that they were all awake and astir the next morning before six o'clock. Although Daddy Horton had said they would leave at quarter past eight, there was no reason, he declared, why he and Sunny Boy should not start as soon as they were ready.

Harriet insisted on packing a lunch for them—she said there was no telling when they would be back—and Mr. Horton brought the car around before breakfast. He and Sunny Boy were speeding down Glenn Avenue by half past seven, and Nelson, who had not expected them to be gone, was much disappointed when he came

over at eight o'clock to ask if he could go to Basile, too.

"I'll let you know if Mr. Horton sends me any news," promised Sunny Boy's pretty mother. "I'll let you know right away, Nelson."

Mrs. Horton and Harriet had to answer the doorbell and the telephone a number of times that morning, for Jessie Smiley had told the other children what she had heard in Sunday school, and Sunny Boy's friends were all eager to know whether or not Toby had really been found.

Meanwhile, Sunny Boy and his daddy were following a road which was entirely new to them. Mr. Horton had never been to Basile and he had to stop and look at his road map to make sure he was going in the right direction.

"Is it a farm, Daddy?" asked Sunny Boy once, thinking perhaps that Toby was living on another farm like the Ponder place.

"Oh, no, Basile is a city," his daddy answered. "About the size of Centronia, if I am

not mistaken. Put the map back in the door pocket, will you, Sunny Boy? We have to detour here."

The road they had to travel was very poor and Mr. Horton was so intent on avoiding the worst bumps and ruts that he did not see a man standing at the side of the road until Sunny Boy pulled at his sleeve to attract his attention.

"There's a man wants a ride, Daddy," he whispered.

Mr. Horton slowed down and called to the man.

"We're going back to the main road—is that your way?" he asked.

"I'm headed for Basile if that is the nearest city," the man replied.

Mr. Horton opened the door and the man got in.

"We're going to Basile," Mr. Horton informed him. "We'll be glad to give you a lift."

The man had a jolly face, and in two minutes he had told them that his name was Sparks—

Samuel Sparks—and that he was interested in the moving picture “game.”

“But from the business end,” he explained. “I couldn’t act to save my life. If I had a smile like you, Son, I’d have been a star long before this.”

Sunny Boy smiled shyly.

“We’re not interested in the movies, are we, Sunny Boy?” said Mr. Horton. “We like to see them, but just now we’re interested in finding out whether a dog that played in one of the films is one we lost a few weeks ago.”

Mr. Sparks was much interested in the story of Toby, but he said that this was the first time he had ever been to Basile.

“I’ve never seen the company that is putting out these plays for children,” he said, “though I understand they do very good work. I’m looking over the Eastern companies for a syndicate and Basile is one of the stops I’ve been directed to make.”

Before they reached Basile, Mr. Sparks had

asked Sunny Boy if he didn't think he would like to be "a movie actor."

"I can get you a start in a mighty good company," he promised. "You'd find the work interesting. A boy like you could take the leading part in a children's company after a little practise."

Sunny Boy said "No, thank you" and his daddy told Mr. Sparks that he thought Sunny Boy's experience in the circus would last him for a long time.

"He thinks home is a pretty good place," said Mr. Horton, and Mr. Sparks said he thought so himself.

Basile was a large and noisy city, and they had to drive through several miles of busy streets before they reached the studio grounds. Sunny Boy forgot Toby for a moment or two as his daddy drove the car between two huge wooden gates and a troop of Indians dashed right in front of them.

"Actors," said Mr. Sparks calmly. "You'll



"Hey, you! Get out of the picture!"

see all sorts of queer sights in this place. There's a good place to park your car."

Mr. Horton parked his car and he and Sunny Boy and Mr. Sparks walked around a brick building. A man who was stationed near the gate to watch the cars told them that "The Jolly Apples" were "on location" behind the brick building.

"Those are the kids that make the children's plays," Mr. Sparks explained. "On location means that they are working now. Probably shooting some exteriors."

Sunny Boy expected to hear some guns, but whoever was doing the shooting was very quiet about it. As they turned the corner of the building they heard several voices laughing, but not a shot was being fired.

"There they are!" said Mr. Sparks.

At that moment Sunny Boy dropped his daddy's hand, and rushed forward. He dashed into the center of a crowd of children and a man shouted at him.

“Hey, you!” shouted the man. “Hey, you! Get out of the picture!”

But the more he shouted, “Hey, you!” the more closely Sunny Boy clung to a large white and brown dog.

“Toby!” he was murmuring, and yes, Sunny Boy was crying. “Toby! Did you miss me? I’ve brought you three dog biscuits!”

CHAPTER XIV

SHOOTING A SCENE

EVERYTHING was in an uproar. Half a dozen children stood staring at Sunny Boy. A big man screamed at Mr. Sparks through a megaphone and Mr. Sparks shouted at him and they made so much noise neither could understand a word. A man with a camera was waving his hands and shouting, too, and Mr. Horton was trying to reach Sunny Boy, but the children stood in his way.

As for Toby—for the white and brown dog was Toby—he seemed to be losing his mind. First he barked and barked and the more noise he made, the louder the big man and Mr. Sparks shouted at each other. Then Toby tore around Sunny Boy in circles and he went so fast he was nothing but a white and brown streak.

Then he jumped up on Sunny Boy and licked his face and hands, and then he began barking again.

"Is the dog mad?" asked a little boy fearfully.

Toby wasn't mad. He was glad. And, after a time, Mr. Horton managed to make himself heard and explain to the big man who was directing the picture and to the man with the camera who was filming it that the dog belonged to Sunny Boy.

"I'm sorry we've ruined some of your shots," apologized Mr. Horton. "When Sunny Boy saw the dog, it was too much for him. We lost him three or four weeks ago and my son recognized him in your picture, 'The Apple Tree Boy.'"

"You must have seen the first run, for that picture is brand-new," said the big man. "And the dog is brand-new, too. That was his try-out. How do you know he belongs to your son?"

Mr. Horton laughed and pointed to Toby,

who was standing with his paws on Sunny Boy's shoulders.

"That's one proof," said Mr. Horton quietly. "But we have others. Suppose you get Toby to do his tricks, Sunny Boy."

The company gathered around in a circle and other actors and actresses on the lot, attracted by the noise, came running to watch.

Sunny Boy had not forgotten, and neither had Toby. That good dog saluted and stood on his head and played dead, and "spoke" and jumped through a hoop and over a stick, as fast as Sunny Boy gave the word.

"He's a bright dog all right," said the director. "We didn't realize what a treasure we had. The only trick the gypsy could make him do was to sit up and beg."

"Then you bought him from a gypsy?" Mr. Horton asked.

"From a young fellow with yellow rings in his ears—I took him for a gypsy," said the director. "There's no doubt the dog was stolen and a

blind man could see he belongs to you. Of course we'll turn him over, gladly. But if you take him now, we've got to retake the entire picture."

"You don't want to spoil a picture, do you, Sunny Boy?" Mr. Horton asked. "Toby has already started work and we'll have to let him finish."

"But, Daddy, he might get shot!" protested Sunny Boy.

"No one will shoot him, Son," the director answered. "There isn't even a bow and arrow in this picture."

"Mr. Sparks said," remarked Sunny Boy politely, but firmly, "that you were shooting some—some—something."

"Exteriors!" Mr. Sparks laughed. "I did say that, Travis."

"Well, I wish you'd explain as you go along then," growled the director. "Sunny Boy, we say 'shoot' when we mean 'take a picture.' Toby is as safe with us as he would be if you

were taking his picture in front of your house.”

When Sunny Boy understood he was quite willing to have Toby stay with the company until the picture was finished.

“We’ll have to take this scene again, of course,” said the director, whose name was Mr. Travis. “And I don’t believe we’ll be through much before two weeks. But if you’re willing to let us have the dog that long, Sunny Boy, you’ll be doing us a great favor.”

Sunny Boy looked at his daddy, who nodded his head and said he thought it would be better if they let the dog stay with the moving picture company for a while; so Sunny Boy said that would be done.

Mr. Travis wanted them to stay and see how moving pictures were made, and Sunny Boy was eager to see, too. He knew that Nelson Baker and the other boys would have a hundred questions to ask him, and he thought he ought to learn all he could while he was there.

Mr. Horton telephoned to Mrs. Horton that

they had found Toby and would spend the rest of the day at Basile.

"Mother will tell Nelson the good news and Nelson will tell the neighborhood," said Mr. Horton, smiling as he came out of the telephone booth. "You'll have a great audience ready for your next picture in Centronia, Mr. Travis."

While the children who were playing in the picture were getting ready to go through with the scene again—the scene Sunny Boy had spoiled by rushing in to hug Toby—Mr. Travis told them how he had come to buy Toby.

"We wanted to make a new set of films that would especially interest boys and girls under twelve years old," he explained. "Something that could be advertised for Saturday afternoons, you know, when most of the audiences are children in every motion-picture house. And while we were talking over plots, a car drove up, and there was a swarthy young man with gold earrings, driving.

"He said he had a trick dog for sale and asked

me if I wanted to buy it. This dog jumped out and sat up and begged when the man told him to. That wasn't an unusual trick, but what made me think the dog would be of value to us was the way he acted with the children. Seven of them sat on him at once and he never as much as growled."

"Toby is used to playing with a crowd of children," Mr. Horton explained. "He's been everything on our block, from an elephant to a circus performer. Hasn't he, Sunny Boy"

"Yes, and he never was cross except the time we met that gypsy man!" exclaimed Sunny Boy.

"I noticed he didn't seem to have much affection for the gypsy," Mr. Travis admitted. "But I knew that gypsy camps are always overrun with dogs and that no one pays much attention to them. I thought that a dog who had as much patience with children as this one had, would be a help to us and I bought him."

The scene was ready now and Sunny Boy and his daddy sat down on two handy boxes to

watch. It was very interesting. Mr. Travis told each boy and girl what to do and they listened carefully and then, when he raised his hand and picked up his megaphone, they began to act.

Sunny Boy thought it was like reading a story, only instead of seeing letters to make words, he was watching people spell out a story. Toby, too, seemed to know what was expected of him, and when Mr. Travis whistled, Toby came slowly and with dignity.

When he reached a spot directly opposite the camera and Mr. Travis shouted, "Sit down! Down, sir!" Toby instantly sat down. He faced the camera and, as he was warm, he opened his mouth and his red tongue hung out and he looked exactly as though he were laughing at the camera man.

"He thinks motion pictures are a joke," whispered Mr. Horton to Sunny Boy, who chuckled.

When that scene was finished, every one

trooped over to a little log cabin. Some of the children went inside while others hid behind the trunks of trees, and, while Sunny Boy watched, he saw Toby "come through the woods"—in the picture, his daddy explained, the trees would look like a forest—and walk up to the cabin door.

He stood there, looking around, and he seemed to be listening. His head was turned to one side as though some one might be calling him.

"I wonder what he hears," thought Sunny Boy.

Mr. Travis whistled and some one inside the house knocked three times on the door.

Instantly Toby made a jump and landed with his forefeet on the cabin door. He seemed to be knocking, and presently one of the little girls came to the door.

Toby sat down on the steps and then sat up, begging. The little girl left him there and went back into the house. In a few minutes she re-

turned and put a pie on Toby's paws—a whole pie.

“Is it real?” Sunny Boy whispered to his daddy.

“I don't think it is,” said Mr. Horton. “Something tells me a real pie wouldn't be safe among those children, let alone with Toby. No, I am inclined to think that is a make-believe pie, Sunny Boy.”

The cabin door was shut now and Toby was alone on the doorstep with his pie. The camera man was turning every minute and everything that Sunny Boy saw was going into the picture.

Toby put the pie down on the step and wagged his tail. Out from behind one of the trees crept a little boy dressed like an Indian. He grabbed the pie and ran, with Toby after him, all the other children who had been hiding behind the trees chasing him, too.

“There, that finishes the exteriors,” said Mr. Travis, putting down his megaphone and

wiping his forehead. "You can see how much we depend on Toby, can't you?"

Sunny Boy could, and he was more than willing to leave Toby with the company to finish the picture. Mr. Horton arranged that Mr. Travis was to telephone him when the picture was completed and he would come after Toby with the car.

Then Sunny Boy and his daddy said good-bye to Toby—who wanted to get into the car with them and yet who seemed to understand Sunny Boy when he explained that it wouldn't be fair to go away and leave the picture unfinished—and they went home.

Goodness, didn't the Horton doorbell ring after that! Harriet said that every boy and girl in Centronia had heard about Toby and about Sunny Boy's trip to Basile and those who didn't ask when Toby was coming home wanted to be told how motion pictures were made.

Sunny Boy had remembered everything he had seen, and he could describe the camera that

turned and Mr. Travis and his megaphone and how the children in the play looked and acted.

"I don't see how a dog could act," said Jessie Smiley.

"Well, Toby can," Sunny Boy declared. "He knows just what to do. Wait till you see him. The picture is coming to the Bijou. I asked Mr. Travis and he said it would be there before it went to any other theater."

But, before the picture came to the Bijou, Toby came back to Sunny Boy. Mr. Travis telephoned that "The Apple Pie Company," which was the title of the picture, was finished. Then Mr. Horton took Sunny Boy in the car and they went to Basile again and brought Toby back.

Every one in the neighborhood was delighted to see the big dog again. They stopped him to shake hands and then sent him bones to eat till Harriet complained that they must think Toby hadn't had anything to eat since he had gone away.

"Now we can have the show we didn't have before," said Jimmie Butterworth, and the children wrote out the tickets again and all the fathers and mothers came. Harriet made cake and lemonade and the show was such a success that they had to repeat it the next afternoon.

"There's a picture at the Bijou next Saturday afternoon, Sunny Boy, that I thought would interest you," said Mr. Horton a few days after the show. "If you like, you may take some friends with you to see it."

CHAPTER XV

TOBY'S PICTURE

SUNNY BOY wanted to shout on hearing Daddy's news, but he remembered in time that Mother was lying down to cure a headache.

"Is it Toby's picture, Daddy?" he asked, as quietly as he could.

"Yes," replied Mr. Horton. "I saw Mr. Small, the Bijou manager, and he told me that 'The Apple Pie Company' is booked for his theater this Saturday."

"That's great!" Sunny Boy declared. "Can I take everybody, Daddy?"

Mr. Horton laughed and asked how many "everybody" might mean.

"Well, you and Mother and Harriet," said Sunny Boy, counting on his fingers. "And Ruth and Nelson, Jimmie Butterworth and

Perry Phelps and Jessie Smiley and Dorothy Peters and Oliver Dunlap—that's ten, Daddy."

"How about the boy they call Sunny Boy Horton?" suggested Daddy. "Don't you intend to take him?"

Sunny Boy grinned. He wasn't afraid he might be left out of his own party.

"I think Mother has a club meeting for Saturday afternoon, Sunny Boy," said Mr. Horton. "She and I will go in the evening to see the picture. I rather think Mr. and Mrs. Baker will go then, too. But if Harriet is willing to take you and the other children, I think you'll enjoy the *matinée*."

"We could go and look at the posters now, Daddy," suggested Sunny Boy. "Perhaps there will be a picture of Toby."

Mr. Horton was the kind of daddy who liked to take walks, and he said he thought it would be interesting to see if any posters of the picture were pasted up in the lobby of the theater. Sometimes Mr. Small did not put up his posters

till the day the picture was showing, but very often he had them ready several days ahead.

"I think it is better to put your posters up ahead of time and so does Nelson," said Sunny Boy, as he and his daddy set out for the theater. "If a boy sees a picture he likes, he will save his dime till the day it is coming. But if the poster isn't there to tell him what is coming, he may spend his dime for a double-decker ice cream cone."

Mr. Horton agreed that that might easily happen. He said he thought it might be a good plan for a boy to save his dime just to see what would happen, but Sunny Boy explained that very few boys did this.

"You have to have something to save it *for*," he declared earnestly.

When they came to the Bijou Theater, there were half a dozen gaily colored posters in the lobby. Mr. Small, the manager, was walking up and down with his hands behind his back, just thinking. Grandpa Horton often walked

that way, and he had once told Sunny Boy he was "just thinking" when he did it.

The pretty girl in the ticket booth held up two green tickets, but Mr. Horton shook his head.

"We're not going in to-day," he said.

The manager heard them, and when he saw Mr. Horton he smiled and came across the marble tiling to shake hands.

"So this is your son, Mr. Horton?" he said, shaking hands with Sunny Boy, too. "I've often seen him, but I didn't know whose lad he was. It's your dog who is going to be in the picture Saturday—is that it?"

"Yes, sir—Toby's in the picture," Sunny Boy answered. "Daddy and I saw them making it. All the children will like it, Mr. Small. It's funny in some places."

"I've been thinking, ever since your father mentioned the picture to me," said Mr. Small, "that I'd like to have the children see the dog. It isn't very often, you know, that we get a chance to see a live actor and his picture, too. I

don't suppose you could bring your dog to the *matinée* Saturday?"

Mr. Horton laughed.

"Toby is almost as large as Sunny Boy, Mr. Small," he said.

"Well, that would be all right. I think a little dog is silly, myself," Mr. Small returned. "If you'd let your son bring the dog and he could get here a little early—say half an hour before the picture goes on—we could let the children see him in the lobby. Afterward I guess he'd wait quietly for the show to be over, wouldn't he?"

"He'd behave better than ten per cent. of your audience," declared Mr. Horton. "If you aren't afraid of starting a riot, I'm willing to have Sunny Boy bring him Saturday."

Mr. Small seemed greatly pleased and he asked Sunny Boy and his daddy to come into the office where he had the posters rolled up like maps. He would have them up in the lobby the next day, he said.

There were two posters that showed Toby,

one where he stood in the doorway of the cabin and the other showed him with the pie resting on his paws.

"We saw him do that! Didn't we, Daddy?" cried the delighted Sunny Boy.

"I'll give you those two posters," Mr. Small said. "The booking agent sent me some extra posters, and it seems to me that the boy who owns the dog should be the one to keep them. And here's something for you, too."

He rolled up the posters and put a rubber band around them and handed the roll to Sunny Boy, together with a little blue book.

"That's a book of passes," said the manager. "It's good for a year. And don't let me catch you using it Saturday, either! I'll tell the boy at the door to let you, and as many friends as you care to bring with you, in free."

Goodness me, wasn't it an excited Sunny Boy who went home to tell Mother and Harriet what had happened to him! Mrs. Horton's headache was gone and she listened while Sunny Boy told

about Mr. Small and she looked at the blue pass-book and the posters and so did Harriet.

"You and Daddy can take a pass Saturday night, Mother," said Sunny Boy importantly. "Mr. Small said any of my friends could use it."

"Well, precious, I feel as though you were in the movies yourself," said his mother, kissing him. "Don't go to live in Basile and play you're a mince pie boy, will you, dear?"

Sunny Boy laughed and said he meant to stay at home with Toby and his mother and his daddy and Harriet.

The next day he had a beautiful time, distributing his invitations around the neighborhood. It was most exciting to walk up to Ruth Baker and say, "Ruth, Toby's picture is coming to the Bijou Saturday afternoon: will you go with us? All my friends can go without a ticket—Mr. Small said so. Harriet is going to take us."

He said that to Dorothy and Jessie and Oliver and Jimmie and Perry, too, and not a single child said "no, thank you."

Mrs. Horton did have to go to a club meeting Saturday and she left directly after lunch. Toby had been brushed and combed until he looked like a satin dog, Harriet said, and at half past one, Sunny Boy and Harriet and Toby and the children who had been invited set out for the theater.

They found Mr. Small waiting for them, and he said he would like Toby to stay in the lobby, so that people who came to buy tickets for the *matinée* could see him and talk to him.

Toby seemed to like to be seen, for, as more and more children kept coming, he began to offer his paw to each one.

"Did you see the dog! He's a live dog! He's in the moving pictures," said the children excitedly.

At last it was time for the picture to start, and Mr. Small told Harriet to follow him. The boy at the door didn't hold out his hand for tickets, and they all marched through, down the aisle, to a row of seats which had been saved for them.

The last two seats were for Sunny Boy and Toby, and the dog sat up and put his paws on the seat in front of him and acted as though he had been to a Saturday matinée every week since he could remember.

The lights went out and the picture began. It was even nicer than Sunny Boy had expected it to be, and Nelson, sitting next to him, laughed so hard he cried and Harriet had to lend him her handkerchief.

When the scenes in which Toby acted flashed on the screen, the children laughed and clapped and Mr. Small told the operator to run them more slowly than the rest of the picture. This gave the audience a chance to see Toby very plainly, and afterward a number of boys came up to Sunny Boy and asked how Toby had behaved when he saw himself on the screen.

"He just looked," reported Sunny Boy. "I don't believe Toby is very vain—is he, Harriet?"

Harriet said no, she didn't think he was, and then, for the picture was over, they found Mr. Small and thanked him for a very happy afternoon and every one went home.

Mr. and Mrs. Horton saw the picture that night, after Sunny Boy was in bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker saw it, too. So many people liked the play that Mr. Small wanted to hold it for his theater for a week, but other theaters wanted it, too, and he had to let it go. He said the next picture Toby played in he would plan to run a week before he showed it for even one night.

"But he won't play in any more pictures," said Sunny Boy to himself. "Toby isn't a moving picture dog—he likes to live in our house with me."

And yet when, a few weeks later, Mr. Travis drove up to the house in a bright red automobile and asked Mrs. Horton if she thought Sunny Boy would be willing to "lend" Toby for another motion picture, Sunny Boy found himself

saying "All right" as soon as he heard what was wanted.

"I want to use the wagon and the harness you were telling me about, too," said Mr. Travis. "And if you'll let me have them and Toby for a couple of weeks, I'll see that you have a picnic out at the studio. I'll send a car for you and any children you wish to invite and we'll let them spend a day seeing how motion pictures are made."

Toby was a sensible dog, and when Sunny Boy explained to him that he was not giving him away, but merely lending him to Mr. Travis to make another picture, Toby wagged his tail and took his seat in the red automobile and only looked a little wistfully at Sunny Boy as they drove away.

The next week Mr. Travis sent a bus for Sunny Boy and his mother and the children who had gone to the theater with him to see "The Apple Pie Company." Sunny Boy was the only one who had ever seen a picture being

made, and though he tried to explain about "shots" and "exteriors" and the funny way the scenery was placed in patches wherever they happened to want to take a picture, no one understood very well until they reached the grounds of the studio.

Mr. Travis met them and first he took them to see Toby, who was a soldier in a company of boy recruits and who "saluted" the general and nearly scared the general into fits when he found one of the soldiers was a dog.

Toby was so glad to see Sunny Boy that it was lucky Mr. Travis had kept him out of sight until the scene was completed, or they might have had to take it over. After Toby had seen his little master, he followed him all over the grounds, and when they sat down to lunch, the dog kept close to Sunny Boy's feet.

Ruth Baker could scarcely eat, for all around her were pirates and gypsies and girls in dancing frocks and sailors in uniforms and fairies and even a witch. It would have taken

too long for these actors and actresses to take off their costumes, so they ate as they were and as soon as lunch was over, they could go back to work. No wonder Ruth stared at them, instead of eating her creamed chicken and peas.

It was late in the afternoon when the bus drove up to take Sunny Boy and his guests home. There, curled on the floor of the car, was Toby.

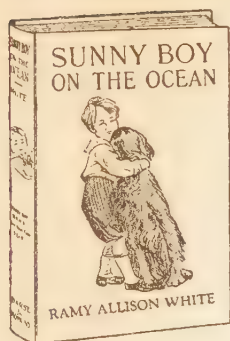
"He's homesick for you, Sunny Boy," said Mr. Travis. "We won't need him again in this picture, and it would be cruel to make him stay another day. He's a wonderful dog and perhaps you will lend him to us again some time."

Sunny Boy promised that he would. Then he climbed into the bus. Toby put his head on his little master's lap and a happy boy and his big dog went home together.

THE END

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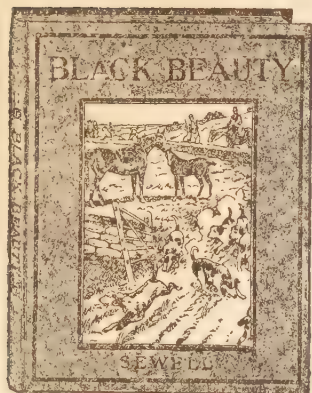
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